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SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS

VOLUME II

. . .

POEMS BY TEGNÉR

ESTABLISHED BY
NIELS POULSON

POEMS BY TEGNÉR

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AND

FRITHIOF'S SAGA

TRANSLATED BY REV. W. LEWERY BLACKLEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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PREFACE

TEGNÉR presents the curious situation in literature of a writer who, although his chief work has been rendered a score of times into English, is still not widely known in England and America. This has been due partly to the rarity of most of the translations. The first seven, for instance, had so limited a circulation that Muckleston, who made the eighth in 1862, did not know of the existence of any previous one when he sent his own manuscript to the press. The American-Scandinavian Foundation hopes through this volume to make Tegnér more easily accessible to those who cannot read him in the original. He is the one Swedish poet to whose works all his compatriots will at once accord a place among Scandinavian classics.

The translation of the *Frithiof's Saga* here printed is that of the Rev. W. L. Blackley, Dublin, 1857. It was reprinted once before in this country, by Bayard Taylor, in 1867,—the first version of the Swedish work to appear in the United States. *The Children of the Lord's Supper* is from Longfellow's *Ballads and Other Poems*, Cambridge, 1842. Both translations are faithful reproductions of their originals. Blackley, however, disregards the feminine or double rhymes that occur so often in the *Frithiof's*

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Saga. He reproduces them only where he can do so without twisting the sense or forcing the expression.

The Introduction that follows is the outcome of studies carried on under Professor W. H. Schofield at Harvard University. To him I owe great gratitude for valuable suggestions and encouragement. Through his mediation and the kindness of Dr. H. W. L. Dana of Columbia University, I have been able to consult freely Longfellow's Scandinavian books in the library of Craigie House, the poet's residence in Cambridge. I am also indebted to my brother, Dr. F. W. C. Lieder of Harvard, for generous criticism, and for help in reading the manuscript and proofs.

P. R. L.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
May 26, 1914

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INTRODUCTION

ESAIAS TEGNÉR was born November 13, 1782, at Kyrkerud in Wermland.* Both his mother and his father were children of preachers, whose parents, in turn, had been peasants. Thus Tegnér was virtually of the peasant class,—a fact of which he was never ashamed. His father's name, Esaias Lucasson, had been transformed at the gymnasium, or preparatory school, to Esaias Tegnerus, because he came from Tegnaby (the village of Tegna) in Småland. In the poet's own time, the surname was further changed to its present more aristocratic form.

When Esaias was nine years old, his father died, leaving a widow and six children with scant means of support. A state official in the district, Assessor Branting, a friend of the family, offered to take Esaias, the youngest son, into his home. Branting gave him a position in the counting-house, but the boy had plenty of time to himself, which he devoted mainly to the study of poetry and history. Tegnér liked, above all, the old Icelandic sagas, and read frequently that of Frithiof the Bold, which was later to become the basis of his greatest poem. He went with the Assessor on frequent official trips through Wermland, thus becoming well acquainted with the beautiful scenery of his country, which he so often describes.

Branting, being impressed by the future poet's keenness of perception and eagerness for knowledge, arranged that he should study under an elder brother, Lars Gustaf Tegnér,

*The biographical facts in this Introduction are taken mainly from the valuable essays on Tegnér by Brandes and by Boyesen. The standard biography of the poet is by his son-in-law, C. W. Böttiger, *Teckning af Tegnérs Lefnad*, Stockholm, 1847.

a tutor to several neighboring families. For more than a year Esaias accompanied his brother on his rounds; with the irregular teaching that he thus received, he learned Latin, Greek, and French. He taught himself English by reading Macpherson's *Ossian*, which was then at the height of its popularity in Sweden. Finally, Lars Gustaf accepted a position as tutor to the seven children of Myhrman, a prosperous iron-manufacturer, on the condition that Esaias should be allowed to go with him. Here Tegnér led a happy existence, with pleasant companions, studying diligently and reading extensively.

Two years later, in 1799, he and three of Myhrman's sons, one of whom was to be his room-mate, entered the University of Lund. Branting and Myhrman paid his expenses. In 1802 he was crowned with the laurel wreath as the foremost of twenty-four successful candidates for the degree of Master of Arts. He was almost expelled at this time for taking part in a hostile demonstration outside the house of the unpopular university rector, but was pardoned because of his scholastic standing. After his graduation he received the combined positions of docent in aesthetics, secretary to the philosophical faculty, and assistant university librarian. He spent his summer vacations with the Myhrmans at Rämen, where he paid special attentions to the daughter, Anna, whom he married in 1806.

The following years were the brightest in Tegnér's life. He was strong, eager, energetic, an inspiring and beloved teacher. His joy in living was evident in everything he did. He had already begun to write. His literary development proceeded slowly, however, and few of his early works have much merit. In 1808, inspired by the national sorrow over the loss of Finland, he wrote his first success-

ful poem, his *War-Song for the Scanian Reserves*, a stirring dithyramb which gained him nation-wide popularity. In 1810 he was made lecturer in Greek at Lund, and the next year he followed up his *War-Song* with another patriotic poem, *Svea*, which won the coveted prize of the Swedish Academy. In the same year arose the Götiska Förbundet, or Gothic League, an organization of zealous young men of letters, who took patriotic pride in the study of Old Norse literature and culture, in opposition to those writers, the "Phosphorists," who looked to France for inspiration. Tegnér soon became head of the club, and, with other notable members, like Geijer, Afzelius, and Nicander, made its power felt in literature. The following year he was appointed professor of Greek at Lund and pastor of Stäfvie and Lackalänge, two neighboring towns. This was not a strange combination of offices, for it was not then unusual in Sweden to give a professor ecclesiastical preferment if he could discharge the attendant duties without absenting himself from the university. Tegnér never regarded his posts as sinecures, and strove to be a true friend of the peasants in his parishes. In 1819 he was elected a member of the Swedish Academy. In 1820 he wrote his famous *Nattvardsbarnen* (*Children of the Lord's Supper*) and started *Frithiof's Saga*. The first nine cantos of the latter appeared in the periodical *Iduna*, the official publication of the Gothic League, and won immediate applause. Meanwhile Tegnér had composed numerous brief lyrics, and in 1822 published *Axel*, a patriotic poem based on events in the Russian war, and five more cantos of *Frithiof's Saga*. In 1825 the entire *Saga* was issued. Throughout Europe he was now acclaimed by critics, Goethe among them, as a great poet. In his own country

he was further rewarded by the appointment to the bishopric of Wexiö. This year marked the climax of his life.

Tegnér's later illness and melancholy may be passed over briefly. While writing the final cantos of *Frithiof*, he had fallen in love with the wife of the town councillor of Lund. The result was some inspired poetry, but endless pain. His duties as bishop became irksome, his health broke down, and in 1833 he complained of fiery throbbings in the brain. He journeyed to Carlsbad, where he found some relief. On his return through Germany he was received everywhere with great honor, but it brought him little joy. In 1840, while attending the Riksdag in Stockholm, of which he was a member *ex officio*, he became suddenly insane. He was taken to a sanitarium in Schleswig, where he recovered. In the spring of 1841 he returned and took up his episcopal duties. Though he displayed his old courage and vigor, he was able to do little during these years. In 1843 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and died on November 2, 1846.

As a writer, Tegnér confined himself almost exclusively to poetry, which, like nearly all Swedish poetry, is lyric and markedly romantic. To present-day readers it seems overburdened with figures of speech, many of which are fine-spun; but it was according to the temper of Tegnér's age to be rhetorical in verse. Tegnér even went so far as to say in his address to the Swedish Academy, on the occasion of his election, that the object of poetry is to present, not ideas, but images. With the exception of a few poems written in the dark years of his life, his work, like Björnson's, is optimistic and fresh, not mournful and brooding, like that of his more recent countryman, Strindberg.

"My golden harp shall never borrow
Sad tones that I have brought to light;
The poet was not made for sorrow.
The sky of song is ever bright."*

Frithiof's Saga tells the sweet love story of the humbly born Frithiof for the noble Ingeborg. Though its material is ancient, its treatment is modern, to such an extent, in fact, that the Christian marriage ceremony is introduced. Frithiof, sentimental in spite of his heroic qualities, is nearer in spirit to Tegnér's own time than to the feasting, fighting days of ninth-century Scandinavia, which are reflected rather in Björn, the hero's friend and counsellor. A characteristic feature of the poem is the use of a different metre in each of the twenty-four cantos, often with variations within the canto itself, to fit the scene in hand. In other words, though a narrative, the poem is lyric. Its form and its contents, in so far as it takes a saga story for its plot, was inspired, Tegnér frankly admitted, by Oehlenschlaeger's *Helge*. Both poems were the outgrowth of the renascence of interest in the saga age that was then manifest throughout Scandinavia. *Frithiof*, however, with its exuberant glee, soon eclipsed its gloomier model in popularity and influence.

It is distinctly a poem for the young, and Frithiof is a typical boy's hero. There is little doubt that cantos like "Frithiof's Wooing" and "Frithiof's Happiness" are reminiscent of Tegnér's own happy student days, when he spent his vacations with the Myhrmans. Only in "Frithiof's Return," written under the shadow of later love complications, is there the sadness of age. Frithiof here, like Tegnér himself at the time he wrote the canto, is a mis-

* From *The Song*. English version by R. B. Anderson.

anthrope and a misogynist,—wholly different from the Frithiof who resolves to win his beloved, in spite of her brother's opposition, by courage and self-reliance. In the early pages the hero never doubts of his future happiness.

Frithiof is not a character to be analyzed like Faust or Hamlet. Tegnér does not seem to have fashioned his poem, except perhaps in "Frithiof's Return," to mean more than meets the ear. Its greatness lies in its intense emotion, its vividness of imagination, and its artistic beauty, rather than in the profundity of its thoughts.

The other two poems of Tegnér that are generally grouped with *Frithiof's Saga* are *Axel* and *Nattvardsbarnen*. *Axel*, an excellent piece, though somewhat fantastic in plot, reveals, like *Svea*, Tegnér's patriotic side. The *Nattvardsbarnen* shows the sincerity and depth of his appreciation of Swedish peasant life. The characteristics of both works are essentially those of *Frithiof*. As an example of Tegnér's later style may be mentioned his *Mjeltsjukan* (*Ode to Melancholy*), "one of the most despairing poems," says Brandes, "of all literature."

Tegnér's writings have the individual note that we expect in a man of power. His short pieces have unquestionably "the lyric cry," his narratives are full of action, his war-songs beat with patriotism, and the love scenes in his longer poems, despite the sentimentality of the age and country in which they were written, still make a strong appeal. Whether or not critics agree with him in valuing imagery above thought in poetry, they can but acknowledge that in revealing sensuous beauty in verses of great melody Tegnér shows nothing less than genius.

For Americans Tegnér has peculiar interest because of his relations with Longfellow. Longfellow, it is well known, spent the summer of 1835 in Sweden, studying the Swedish language and literature. On his return to the United States he published an enthusiastic essay on *Frithiof's Saga* in *The North American Review* for July, 1837, giving as an introduction a bright picture of Swedish life as he had seen it and as it is reflected in *Frithiof*. This sketch, though at first it seems irrelevant, is a fitting prelude, for it puts the reader unacquainted with Scandinavia in the proper mood to understand and appreciate the poem. The body of the essay consists of a spirited retelling of the story, with translations, in the original metres, of the more significant passages.

Longfellow evidently sent a copy of his article to Tegnér, for the latter wrote:*

"Bokedal, near Gotheborg,
July 10, 1841.

Three years ago—when I was here at Bokedal visiting Wyk and his beautiful wife, the most beautiful woman in Sweden—I received the letter and fragmentary translation of *Frithiof* with which the Herr Professor honored me. Professional duties, the Riksdag, recently adjourned, and above all a severe nervous illness, have prevented my expressing my thanks as I ought for all this. Without exactly setting the highest value on public opinion, either in or out of my own country, and taking the Horatian *malignum spernere vulgus* for my motto, I rejoice, of course, to find my poems reproduced in so admirable a manner, and particularly for a nation which I value. It has always been my con-

* From the English translation of the letter printed in Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, I, 394 ff.

viction that English is of all languages the one which is best adapted to translation from the Swedish; for the English love, as we do, to concentrate expression, either thought or figure, within the briefest possible space; to flash a short but sharp sword: whereas the German prefers long, dragging sentences, and likes to encase his weapons in a scabbard of hogskin. English, on the other hand, is a collection of laconisms, and the so much misunderstood Pope, with his keenly sharpened antitheses, has always appeared to me the true representative of the genius of the English language. Among the four or five translations of *Frithiof* which I have had occasion to see,* there is none as yet with which I have been fully satisfied, except the Herr Professor's. Where the translator has understood the meaning, which has not always been the case, the translation has often suffered from ignorance of technicalities or insufficient command over his own language. Lethman's† is better in this respect. But above all I place the Herr Professor's both as regards understanding of the original and versification. The only fault I have to find with the translation is that it is not complete; and to this I take the pleasure of calling the attention of the Herr Professor, so that I may be able to say that *Frithiof* is well translated into at least one language.

This winter I begin the publication of a collection of my writings in verse and prose. . . . I shall send a copy of this to America as soon as it leaves the press, addressed to the Herr Professor, as a mark of my esteem and grati-

*When this letter was written, the following translations of *Frithiof* had already appeared: Strong's, 1833; Frye's, 1835; Latham's, 1838; Stephens's, 1839; and possibly Baker's, 1841. There were also fragments in the periodicals and some extracts translated by George Borrow.

†"Latham's" is undoubtedly meant.

tude. The latter would be still farther increased should the Herr Professor think something in it worthy of translation.

My edition of *Frithiof* accompanies this letter.

With high regard and affection,

The Herr Professor's humble servant,

Es. Tegnér"

Longfellow's review of *Frithiof* is of importance in itself because, so far as I have been able to find out, it is the first public notice in the United States, not only of Tegnér, but of Scandinavian literature. Yet noteworthy as the review is in this connection, it has even more interest and value. Obviously, it shows how sincerely the American poet appreciated Tegnér. It also shows that the beginning of Longfellow's most popular and perhaps his greatest poem, *Evangeline*, is fundamentally Scandinavian; for when Longfellow is describing the scenery, the customs, and the people of Acadia, he is simply describing Sweden. Since this fact has never before been noticed, sufficient data to establish its validity are here presented.

Longfellow, according to his brother's statement,* never visited Acadia. After he became acquainted through Hawthorne's friend, the Rev. H. L. Conolly, with the story of the lovers, separated when the British scattered the inhabitants of Grand Pré in promiscuous exile, he consulted books for material. For Acadia, we are told,† he read only Haliburton's book on Nova Scotia,‡ which he found in

*Samuel Longfellow, *op. cit.*, II, 71. †*Ibid.*, II, 71.

‡T. C. Haliburton, *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, Halifax, 1829, I, 170-173. — P. Morin came to the conclusion, after examining numerous works which he thought might contain origins for the Acadian scenes, that Haliburton was the main source for the first part of *Evangeline*. See his *Sources de l'Œuvre de Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Paris, 1913.

the Harvard Library. In this work two and one-half pages are given to the description of the life of the Acadians. The following quotation is taken from the very copy of Haliburton that Longfellow in all probability used:

"Hunting and fishing, which had formerly been the delight of the Colony, and might have still supplied it with subsistence, had no farther attraction for a simple and quiet people, and gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and low lands, by repelling with dikes the sea and rivers which covered these plains. These grounds yielded fifty for one at first, and afterwards fifteen or twenty for one at least; wheat and oats succeeded best in them, but they likewise produced rye, barley and maize. There were also potatoes in great plenty, the use of which was become common. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as many as sixty thousand head of horned cattle; and most families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. Their habitations, which were constructed of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as substantial farmer's houses in Europe. They reared a great deal of poultry of all kinds, which made a variety in their food, at once wholesome and plentiful. Their ordinary drink was beer and cyder, to which they sometimes added rum. Their usual clothing was in general the produce of their own flax, or the fleeces of their own sheep; with these they made common linens and coarse cloths. If any of them had a desire for articles of greater luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisburg, and gave in exchange corn, cattle or furs. [Here follows a short passage, unimportant for us, stating that they used no paper currency and little silver or gold.] Their man-

ners were of course extremely simple. There was seldom a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the Court of Judication, established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them, were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills; for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest, which was always sufficient to afford more means than there were objects of generosity.

"Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give, and to receive, what he thought the common right of mankind. So perfect a harmony naturally prevented all those connexions of gallantry, which are so often fatal to the peace of families. This evil was prevented by early marriages, for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man arrived to the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. This new family grew and prospered like the others. In 1775, all together made a population of eighteen thousand souls. Such is the picture of these people, as drawn by the Abbé Reynal. By many, it is thought to represent a state of social happiness, totally inconsistent with the frailties and passions of human nature; and that it is worthy rather of the poet than the historian. In describ-

ing a scene of rural felicity like this, it is not improbable that his narrative partakes of the warmth of feeling for which he was remarkable; but it comes much nearer the truth than is generally imagined."

This account was all that Longfellow knew of actual life in Acadia. The poet evidently took material from it for the beginning of *Evangeline*. But he needed more facts, and proceeded to draw on his own experience. Though brief, Haliburton's description was sufficient to suggest what sort of a life the people there led, and Longfellow could scarcely help noting the similarity between it and that of peaceful Sweden, with which he was acquainted from actual observation as well as books. When, accordingly, he began to present Acadian life and scenery in his poem, he copied — consciously or unconsciously — peasant life as he knew it in Sweden.

The truth of this statement is manifest from the following parallel passages taken from the review of *Frithiof* and from *Evangeline*. These extracts need no comment beyond the remark that they are not meant in every case to show a close verbal likeness. The similarity of ideas is evident.

In the review Longfellow writes: "Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches trailing with moss." What is this in essence but the opening lines of *Evangeline?*

> "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

> Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

In the review, still describing the forest, he adds: "On a wooden bridge you cross a little stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms." Perhaps Longfellow was thinking of this stream when in *Evangeline* (l. 10) he described the Acadian farmers as

> "Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands."

In the review he says: "The houses in the villages are all built of hewn timber." So likewise in *Evangeline* (Part I, i, l. 14):

> "Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock."

Regarding Swedish hospitality, we read in the review: "In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber." It is not far from this to *Evangeline* (Part I, iv, ll. 15-17):

> "Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted."

Sunday in Sweden made a deep impression upon Longfellow. In the review he remarks: "If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat." Very similar is the picture in *Evangeline* (Part I, i, ll. 18-27):

"There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles.
. . . . . .
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome."

And again about Sunday in the review: "The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs." The young men "are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls." Evangeline is not much different from these Swedish girls (*Evangeline*, Part I, i, ll. 57, 58):

"Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings."

Both in the description of Sweden and in *Evangeline* (Part I, i, ll. 102, 103) the village pastor is at once priest and leader. "He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king," says Longfellow in the review.

"and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village,"

he reëchoes in *Evangeline*, where he writes (Part I, i, ll. 69-71):

"Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary."

What roadside he was thinking of is shown by the statement in the review: "Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping roof to keep off the rain."

Note, too, the general likeness, not only of metre but also of description, between the following translation by Longfellow from the *Frithiof's Saga:*

"Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillside
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field,"

and the beginning of *Evangeline* (Part I, i, ll. 1-9):

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
. . . . . .
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain."

These are only the more striking points of similarity. More

incidents in *Evangeline* could easily be cited which might well have a Scandinavian origin,—the brewing and drinking of ale (mentioned several times), the game of draughts, the praise of the blacksmith's craft, the sledding, and so on. The description of the outdoor betrothal feast alone would suggest Scandinavia to one who has read of similar scenes. To heap up these lesser parallels would only cloud the issue. It seems clear that Swedish life and scenery were in Longfellow's memory when he composed the beginning of *Evangeline*.

Four years after the poet had written his important review of *Frithiof*, he began the translation of the *Nattvardsbarnen* in the original metre, the hexameter. His friend Samuel Ward, who had sent him a copy of the poem, had urged him to translate this work. "How strange!" Longfellow writes him, October 24, 1841, "while you are urging me to translate *Nattvardsbarnen* comes a letter [the one quoted above] from Bishop Tegnér himself, saying that of all the translations he has seen of *Frithiof*, my fragments are the only attempts 'that have fully satisfied him.' . . . After this kind letter, can I do less than over-set the *Nattvardsbarnen?*" In a postscript Longfellow remarked: "This evening I have added twenty-six lines to the nine I translated for you." *

The copy of Tegnér that Longfellow used in his translations is still preserved in Craigie House. On the inside of the cover is pasted Tegnér's autograph, probably cut from a letter. Underneath is Longfellow's own simple bookplate, and on the opposite fly-leaf the signature "Henry W. Longfellow, 1835." Evidently, the copy was bought

*Samuel Longfellow, *op. cit.*, I, 401 ff.

by Longfellow while he was in Sweden. The pages of the important poems of Tegnér, *Frithiof's Saga*, *Axel*, *Svea*, and *Nattvardsbarnen*, have enough pencillings in the margins to show that Longfellow read them carefully in the original. The *Nattvardsbarnen* is especially marked up. On the first page of the poem he has written in pencil, "Dates of Translation, Oct. 27, 1841," and beneath, in the margin at the end of the ninth line, "Oct. 28." Then the following uninterrupted stages in the translating are noted in pencil: at the end of the thirty-fifth line, "Oct. 29," twenty-five lines more and the date "Oct. 30," ten lines more "Oct. 31," thirty-five lines farther "Nov. 1," then seven lines and "Nov. 2," seventy lines "Nov. 3," forty-three lines "Nov. 4," seventy-five lines "Nov. 5," with the final fifty-one lines for November 6. On the last day he wrote to Ward: "It is Saturday night, and eight by the village clock. I have just finished the translation of the 'Children of the Lord's Supper;' and with the very ink that wrote the last words of it, I commence this letter to you. . . . The poem is indeed very beautiful; and in parts so touching that more than once in translating it I was blinded with tears. Perhaps my weakness makes the poem strong. You shall soon judge; for, as I told you in my last, this poem goes into the forthcoming volume." In spite of his excellent translation and his success in handling the difficult new metre, the hexameter, Longfellow was attacked with a sort of stage fright while the translation was in press; but he was prevailed upon by Ward not to recall the sheets, and the poem appeared in the first edition of *Ballads and Other Poems*.

In 1845, four years later, Longfellow composed *Evangeline*. Immediately the remark was passed among critics,

especially in Germany, that the poem owed its origin to *Hermann und Dorothea*,—somewhat in story, but especially in metre. This, it seems, has been the common opinion ever since. The part of the theory concerning the story is untenable, because only in those episodes which we know Longfellow got from Hawthorne's friend is there any similarity to *Hermann und Dorothea*. The same general likeness exists between *Evangeline* and *Frithiof's Saga;* yet there would be no foundation for saying that Longfellow derived his plot from the latter. As to the source of the metre, it is impossible to be dogmatic, for Longfellow knew well the hexameters of Homer, Virgil, Chapman, Goethe, and others. But when one reflects that of the three poems in hexameters which Longfellow wrote before he began *Evangeline*, the first was an extract from *Frithiof* and the second a translation of the *Nattvardsbarnen*, one cannot help concluding that Tegnér above all others influenced Longfellow in the metre of *Evangeline*.*

Tegnér died while *Evangeline* was being written. Longfellow paused in his work to compose a death-song or *drapa* in honor of the older poet. One of the stanzas in it is here specially worthy of note:

*After the above pages had been written, I came across the following remarks in Edmund Gosse's essay on Runeberg (*Northern Studies*, Camelot Series, London, 1890, p. 143): "Between Tegnér and Runeberg the natural link is wanting. This link properly consists, it appears to me, in Longfellow, who is an anomaly in American literature, but who has the full character of a Swedish poet, and who, had he been born in Sweden, would have completed exactly enough the chain of style that ought to unite the idealism of Tegnér to the realism of Runeberg. The poem of *Evangeline* has really no place in Anglo-Saxon poetry; in Swedish it would accurately express a stage in the progress of literature which is now unfilled." This is only a general impression, but it is that of an English critic who knew Swedish literature thoroughly.

"So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing."

This might serve as the text of a discourse on comparative literature; it indicates the significance of such international relationships as that of Longfellow and Tegnér.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR
WITH FOREWORD BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

FOREWORD

THE *Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems, as the *Luise* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Göthe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste, than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land, —almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best cham-

ber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons, —an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he

died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bride-

groom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the hosts replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome;

and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast

goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the

motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, "the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER*

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a sweet scented garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed,

* In the poem, as in the foreword, the spelling of the first edition has been retained; only a few obvious misprints have been corrected. The lines are here printed as they were originally written; in later editions the poet changed slightly about forty of the lines. The footnotes that follow are Longfellow's. [Ed.]

(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-changing moment,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions*
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,

* The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,*
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallín,† of David's harp in the Northland
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,

*The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

† A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered grave-stone a sun-beam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left-hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; — and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,

This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor
Rains from the heaven downward;—to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer!
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.

Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher
Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one father,

Ruling them as his own household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and died for.
O! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O! how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the father eternal
Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all, all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.

Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the path of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue
is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the
grave-yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing chil-
dren
Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and
consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous
with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands
interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not
from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not re-
ceived?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs ador-
ing
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world He
created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his
glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from
heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of mid-
night, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and He sees them, but
counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge
is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in
his anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-
buck.
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful aven-
ger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earth-
quake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering
breezes.
Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds with-
out number
Lie in his bosom like children; He made them for this pur-
pose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth his
spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out
of heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your
being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Nor father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may
be happy
Gave He his only son. When He bowed down his head in
the death-hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was com-
pleted.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple,
dividing

Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, —Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; —on earth it is callèd Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know Him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense.—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,

Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate springtide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death
e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is
only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are
fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of
affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its
father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pin-
ions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear
not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face
standing
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majes-
tic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all trans-
figured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing
an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by
angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one day shall
gather,
Never forgets He the weary;—then welcome, ye loved
ones hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the
promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-yard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart;—I will so! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Brought forth is sin full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting
Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children
Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem;
O! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
O! then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the church-yard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children, (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; there saw they
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

THE FRITHIOF-SAGA

OR

LAY OF FRITHIOF

TRANSLATED, IN THE ORIGINAL METRES
FROM THE SWEDISH OF
ESAIAS TEGNÉR, BISHOP OF WEXIÖ
BY REV. WILLIAM LEWERY BLACKLEY, M.A.

PREFACE

HOWEVER an excuse may be needed for the manner in which the following translation of Tegnér's Frithiof-Saga is executed, none can well be required for the fact of its being undertaken. A work which, the glory of its native language, has in several cognate tongues become an honored classic, requires, we would fain hope, but to reach English readers to be appreciated as it deserves; that is, in so far as its intrinsic merit can be made apparent in an English version.

Unfortunately for the fame of authors, especially of poetical ones, great difficulties stand in the way of an exact rendering of their ideas into other tongues from those in which they are originally expressed. Of such difficulties, and the many consequent faults of the present volume, none can be more conscious than its translator; but, notwithstanding, he intrusts its character to the fair judgment of impartial readers, in the hope that, where their acumen may detect deficiencies, their justice will lead them to consider the difficulties which beset the undertaking.

It has been said of Sotheby, the translator of Wieland's *Oberon*, that his translation far surpassed his original. The present writer has never dreamt of producing so peculiar a result in the handling of Tegnér's poem. His aim has been a lower one—to reflect, not to heighten, a beautiful image; and having endeavored, as far as the nature of the languages allowed, to render word for word, and thought for thought, the work he took in hand, his purpose will be fully gained if, in the judgment of those expert in such matters, he be found to have produced a translation, where he never presumed to attempt an embellishment.

The tale of Frithiof forms one of the class of Norse Legends or Sagas styled "heroic" by Professor Müller in the introduction to his *Saga-bibliothek* (3 vols. 8vo, Copenhagen, 1817–20). The period at which Frithiof lived is supposed to have been at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century; but the critical grounds for such a supposition need not be here stated.

For the benefit of those who like an "Argument" prefixed to an epic, Müller's abstract of the ancient poem will be found annexed, translated from the Danish. It will also serve to show in how very few particulars Tegnér has allowed himself to vary from the tale the old Saga-men handed down. In some few parts of the modern version he has used, with admirable judgment and effect, the structure, and even the words, of the original; but, not content with amplifying and adorning a heathen tale, or depicting the manners of a long-departed age, he has surrounded his work with an atmosphere of high morality, and guarded it from every mean tendency, with a care worthy alike the author of *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, and the character of a Christian prelate.

With reference to the metres employed, opinions will, of course, be divided; nor can a candid critic help admitting that, even at the sacrifice of some originality, sundry parts would sound better in different metres than those employed. Tegnér's plan has been a novel one, namely, to produce each of the twenty-four divisions of his work in a different measure; and, doubtless, nothing but adherence to such a design could have induced him to use a metre so uncouth as the iambic hexameter, in which the last division, "Reconciliation," is confined. It almost seems as if his Muse, footsore as she approaches the end of her

journey, accommodates the cadence of her song to the limping of her gait.

The present translator has not, however, thought himself at liberty to vary from the form prescribed and adopted by his author, and has therefore adhered to the original metres, using only occasionally, and under the pressure of necessity, that greater liberty which the constitution of English verse, like that of English government, most wisely allows. That liberty is the more necessary and the more useful when a poem, as in this instance, partakes so much of the ballad nature, but it has been rarely and reluctantly used in this translation, and only when it became absolutely needful to sacrifice sound to sense.

An Alphabetical Glossary, and some Notes explanatory of the superstitions and customs of ancient Scandinavia, referred to in the text, are subjoined.

Frensham Parsonage
March, 1857

ABSTRACT

OF THE ANCIENT FRITHIOF-SAGA

IN Sognefylke, near the holy grove of Balder, dwelt King Bele; two sons had he, Helge and Halfdan, and moreover a daughter, Ingeborg the Fair. When he came to die, Bele warned his sons to keep up friendship with the mighty Frithiof, a son of his friend Thorsten, who was the son of Viking. But the young Kings refused scornfully Frithiof's wooing for their sister's hand, and so he vowed revenge, and that he never would come to their assistance.

Soon after it came to pass that, when King Hring made war against them, they sent to ask aid from Frithiof: he was playing chess, and let himself not be one whit disturbed by their messenger.

Hring conquered, and made the brothers promise Ingeborg's hand to him.

Meanwhile Frithiof had gone to see Ingeborg in Balder's temple (which was a forbidden deed), and there he exchanged rings with her, for to him the love of Ingeborg was far weightier matter than the favor of Balder.

To punish him for this contempt of the shrine of Balder, the Kings laid upon Frithiof the task of going to the Faroes, and demanding a tribute. So Frithiof, with his foster-brother, set sail in the ship Ellida, the best in all the North; a ship which all said could understand the voice of men. All in the midst of the storm Frithiof spoke of his Ingeborg. At last, when the good ship was near sinking, he hewed Ingeborg's ring in pieces, that his men might not want gold when they went down to Rana's dwelling (she was goddess of the Sea). Afterwards, when they had overcome a pair of storm-sprites, which rode on whales against them, the storm sank down, and they approached the Faroes, where Yarl Angantyr let him take the tribute for friendship's sake, and so he departed.

When he came back, he heard that the Kings had burned his

dwelling, and that they were just then at the midsummer feast in the grove of Balder. Thither he went, and found few folk within; but Helge's Queen sat there, warming the image of the god, anointing it, and rubbing it with cloths.

Frithiof flung the purse with the money in Helge's face, so that his very teeth fell out, and then he was going away, when he beheld the ring he had given to Ingeborg on the arm of Helge's Queen. He dragged it from her with such might that she fell upon the ground, Balder's image was thrown into the fire, and the whole temple set in flame. King Helge sought to pursue Frithiof, but his ships had been made useless. Frithiof, just to show his strength, drew such a stroke with Ellida's oars (which were twelve ells long), that they both brake asunder.

Now Frithiof remained an outcast: so he took to the ocean, and he slew the fierce sea-kings, but let the merchants fare in peace. And so, when he had gained great glory and wealth, he hied him back again to the North, and went, disguised as a salt-burner, to the palace of King Hring. Hring knew him, and, pitying his sad tale, commanded that he should be set in the most honorable seat. Queen Ingeborg spake but little with him. Once, when Hring and Ingeborg were driving over the ice, it broke beneath them; Frithiof came with speed, and dragged them up again, with sleigh and horse and all. Another day Frithiof and the King went out together into a wood, and the King laid him down to sleep; then Frithiof drew his sword, and threw it away. Then the King told him how that he had known from the first evening who he was. Then Frithiof wished to go away, but Hring gave up Ingeborg to him, and made him, under the title of Earl, the guardian of his heir. Soon after Hring died; then Frithiof married his bride, and remained King. Helge and Halfdan made war against him, but Frithiof slew Helge, and Halfdan had to pay scot to him as his lord.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA

I

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG

IN Hilding's home together grew
Two plants beneath his fostering true;
Two fairer never graced the North,
In youth's green springtime budding forth.

Strong as the oak, and towering high,
Straight as a tall lance towards the sky,
Its struggling, wind-tost summit blown,
Like helmet-plumes, so grew the one.

The other, like the fragile rose,
When Winter, parting, melts the snows,
And Spring's sweet breath bids flowers arise,
Still in the bud unconscious lies.

When o'er the earth the storms speed hoarse,
The oak is seen to brave their force;
When in the sky the spring-sun glows,
Open the red lips of the rose.

So grew they glad in childhood free,
And Frithiof was the sapling tree;
And the sweet valley-rose was there
In Ingeborg, the young and fair.

Saw'st thou the twain by light of day,
In Freya's halls thou'dst seem to stray,

Where wanders many a happy pair,
With rosy wings and golden hair.

But saw'st thou them in moonlit glade,
Dancing beneath the forest shade,
Thou 'dst think in airy dance t' have seen
The fairy king and fairy queen.

How light his heart, how glad his thought,
When the first Runes to him were taught;
So proud no king on earth was then,
Since he could teach them her again.

O'er the blue deep he loved to guide
His boat, with Ingborg by his side;
While she, as sailed they to and fro,
Clapped gleefully her hands of snow.

To gain for her, no wild bird's nest
Too high for him was ever placed,
Nor even could the eagle strong
Protect from him her eggs or young.

No stream, however fierce its flow,
He feared to carry Ingborg through;
Sweetly, when 'neath loud falls they passed,
Her little white arms held him fast,

The first fair flower that spring-time bred,
The first wild berry, sweet and red,
The first ripe ear of golden corn,
Faithful and glad, to her were borne.

But all too soon sweet childhood flew,
And Frithiof to manhood grew;
While to the maid matured, his eye
Beamed full of love's intensity.

Young Frithiof often in the field
Pursued the chase, 'gainst danger steel'd;
Proud without either sword or spear,
Unarmed, to slay the grisly bear.

He wrestled with him breast to breast,
Nor scatheless of his prize possessed,
He carried home the shaggy spoil,
While Ingborg's smiles repaid his toil.

For woman loves a manly deed,
And beauty's praise is valor's meed;
The one is suited for the other,
As head and helmet matched together.

Then, as the winter evenings sped,
Beside the hearth he sat, and read
Some lay of Odin's halls of light—
Of gods and goddesses so bright.

Then thought he: "Freya's golden hair,
Like a ripe corn-field, waves in air;
But Ingborg's tresses seem to hold
Lily and rose in net of gold.

"Iduna's bosom, full and fair,
Beats beneath silk, rich, green, and rare;

But here, 'neath dearer silken folds,
Its place a fairy bosom holds.

"And, like the deep, clear, azure sky,
Beams lovely Frigga's soft blue eye;
But I know eyes whose gentle ray
Eclipses spring-time's brightest day.

"And shines fair Gerda's cheek alone
Like sparkling snow 'neath northern sun?
I know of cheeks, whose ruddy glow
A double dawn appears to show.

"A loving heart I know of, too,
Like gentle Nanna's, fond and true;
Full worthily, O Balder, we
Praise still, in song, her love for thee!

"Gladly in death would I be laid,
Lamented by a loving maid,
As faithful and as true as she,
Welcome were Hela's home to me."

King Bele's child, of daring deeds
Sate singing, while with busy threads
She wove a tapestry of war,
With groves, and fields, and waves afar.

Upon the snowy woollen field
Grew glories of a golden shield,
Blood-red appeared the lances thrown,
With silver all the breastplates shone.

Still as she wove it, more and more
The hero Frithiof's likeness bore;
When from the frame she raised her head,
She blushed with shame, but still was glad.

And Frithiof cut, on birch-tree's stem,
An I, an F, where'er he came;
And merrily the letters, too,
Like their young hearts, together grew.

When riseth up the morning fair,
The king of earth, with golden hair,
And busy life begins to move,
Each on the other thinks with love.

When night with darkness fills the air,
Mother of earth, with raven hair,
And silent stars are all that move,
Each on the other dreams with love.

"O Earth, thou deck'st thyself each year
With flowers in thy leaf-green hair;
Give me the sweetest, that may shine
In richest wreath for Frithiof mine!"

"O Sea, thy gloomy halls possess
Bright pearls in thousands numberless;
Give me the fairest and most clear
To weave a chain for Ingborg dear!"

"O Peak of Odin's royal throne,
Eye of the world, thou golden Sun,

Did thy bright disc belong to me,
A shield for Frithiof it should be!"

"O Lamp in Odin's halls of bliss,
Pale Moon, with gentle ray of peace,
Thy fairest beams, if thou wert mine,
To deck my Ingeborg should shine!"

But Hilding said, "My foster-child,
Check this young fondness, vain and wild;
Unequal lots forbid the Norne,
And royally is Ingborg born.

"From Odin, in his starry home,
Her ancestors descended come;
Thou art but Thorsten's son; forbear,
Since but the great should greatness share."

"My sires lie," Frithiof proudly said,
"In the dark valley of the dead;
But the falling wood-king left to me,
With his shaggy hide, his ancestry.

"The free-born man, ne'er yieldeth he;
The world belongeth to the free.
What chance hath lost may chance repair,
And Hope a royal crown may wear.

"Full nobly born descendeth power
From the great Thrudvang-dwelling Thor:
He heeds not birth, but valor true,
And mightily the sword can sue.

"For my young bride I 'll combat now,
Though thundering Thor should be my foe.
Bloom glad, bloom true, my lily fair;
He who would part us ill shall fare!"

II

KING BELE AND THORSTEN VIKINGSSON

King Bele in his palace stood, on his sword he leaned,
And by him Thorsten Vikingsson, his old, tried friend;
The comrade who for eighty years his wars did share,
Scarred as a monument was he, and white his hair.

So stand two aged temples, midst mountains high,
Both with age tottering, to ruin nigh;
Yet words of wisdom still on the walls we see,
And on the roof pictures of antiquity.

"My day is setting fast," King Bele said;
"Tasteless the mead; I feel the helmet's weight;
Dim are my glazing eyes to mortal state,
But Valhall' dawns more near; I feel my fate.

"So my two sons, with thine, I 've called to me,
Together they 're united, as have been we;
Once more to warn the young birds am I fain,
Ere from a dead man's tongue all words be vain."

Then to the hall they entered in, as he had willed:
The elder, Helge, whose dark brow with gloom was filled;
His days in temples spent he, with spæmen hoary,
And now from sacrificing came, his hands still gory.

Then came the younger, Halfdan, with flaxen hair;
His countenance was noble, but soft and fair;
As if in sport a heavy falchion bearing,
Like a young maid a warrior's armor wearing.

And last in azure mantle came Frithiof tall,
By a full head in stature outmeasuring them all;
He stood between the brothers as glorious day
Stands between rosy dawning and twilight gray.

"My children," quoth the King, "my day doth wane;
Rule in fraternal peace, in union reign;
For union, like the ring upon the spear,
Makes strong what, wanting it, were worthless gear.

"Let Vigor be your country's sentinel,
And blooming Peace within securely dwell;
To shelter, not to harm, your weapons wield,
And let your subjects' bulwark be your shield.

"An unwise ruler devastates his land;
All monarchs' might in people's strength must stand;
Soon the green splendor of the tree is fled,
If from the naked rock its roots be fed.

"Four pillars to uphold it Heaven doth own,
Kingdoms are based on one, on Law alone.
Danger is near where might can sway the Ting;
Right guards the land, and glorifies the King.

"Helge! in Disarsal the gods do dwell;
But not like snails, within a narrow shell.
Far as the day can shine, or echo sound,
Far as the thought can flee, the gods are found.

"Oft err the entrails of the offered hawk;
False, though deep-cut, is many a Runenbalk.

But in the open heart and honest eye
Odin hath written Runes that ne'er can lie.

"Helge! be not severe, be firm alone:
By bending most the truest sword is known.
Mercy adorns a king, as flowers a shield,
More than all winter can one spring-day yield.

"A friendless man, however mighty he,
Fadeth deserted, like a bark-stripped tree;
With roots refreshed, though fierce the storm-winds strive,
By friendship's stream thou may'st securely thrive.

"Boast not thy father's fame, 't is his alone;
A bow thou canst not bend is scarce thine own.
What can a buried glory be to thee?
By its own force the river gains the sea.

"Gladness, O Halfdan, doth the wise adorn,
But folly, most of all in kings, brings scorn!
Mix hops with honey, when thou mead wilt brew;
Make thy sports sterner, and thy weapon too.

"None is too learned, however wise he be.
That many knowledge lack, too well know we;
Despised the witless sitteth at the feast,
The learned hath the ear of every guest.

"To trusty comrade, or to friend in war,
Be thy way near, although his home be far;
Yet let thy foeman's house, where'er it lie,
Be ever distant, though thou pass it by.

"Thy confidence to many shun to give,
Full barns we lock; the empty, open leave;
Choose one in whom to trust, more seek not thou;
The world, O Halfdan, knows what three men know!"

After the King rose Thorsten: thus spake he,—
"Odin alone to seek ill fitteth thee;
We 've shared each hap, O King, our whole lives through,
And death, I trust, we 'll share together too.

"Full many a warning Time hath whispered me,
Son Frithiof, which I gladly give to thee;
As on the tombstones high perch Odin's birds,
So on the lips of age hang wisdom's words.

"Honor the gods; for every good and harm
Comes from above, like sunshine and like storm.
Deep into hearts they see, and many mourn
In lifelong sorrow for one short hour's scorn.

"Honor the King! let one man rule with might,
Day hath but one eye, many hath the night.
Let not the better grudge against the best;
The sword must have a hilt to hold it fast.

"High strength is Heaven's gift, yet little prize
It brings its owner, if he be not wise;
A bear with twelve men's strength can one man kill,
As shield 'gainst sword, set law against thy will.

"The proud are feared by few, hated by all,
And insolence, O Frithiof, brings a fall.

Men, mighty once, I 've seen on crutches borne,
And fortune changeth like storm-blasted corn.

"Praise not the day before the night arrive,
Mead till 't is drunk, or counsel till it thrive.
Youth trusteth soon to many an idle word,
Need proves a friend, as battle proves a sword.

"Trust not to one night's ice, to spring-day snow,
To serpent's slumber, or to maiden's vow;
For heart of woman turneth like a wheel,
And 'neath the snowy breast doth falsehood dwell.

"Thyself must perish, all thou hast must fade:
One thing alone on earth is deathless made,
That is the dead man's glory: therefore thou
Will what is right, and what is noble, do."

So warned the graybeards in the royal hall,
As later warned the Skald in Havamal;
From mouth to mouth went words of wisdom round,
Which, whispered still, through Northland's hills resound.

Then both full many a hearty memory named
Of their true friendship, in the Northland famed;
How, faithful unto death, in joy or need,
Like two clasped hands, together they had staid.

"Sons! back to back our stand we ever made;
So ever to each Norne a shield displayed;
And now, we aged, to Valhalla haste,
Oh! with our sons may their sires' spirits rest!"

Much spake the King of Frithiof's valor good,
His hero-might excelling royal blood;
And Thorsten much of future fame to crown
The Asa sons, who should the Northland own.

"And if ye hold together, ye mighty three,
Your conqueror the Northland ne'er shall see:
For might, by lofty station firmly held,
Is like the steel rim round a golden shield.

"And my dear daughter, tender rose-bud, greet,
In tranquil silence bred, as most is meet;
Defend her; let the storm-wind ne'er have power
To plant upon his crest my late-born flower.

"Helge! on thee I lay a father's care;
Guard, like a daughter dear, my Ingborg fair;
Force breaks a noble soul, but mildness leads
Both man and maid to good and noble deeds.

"Now, children, lay us in two lofty graves
Down by the sea-shore, near the deep blue waves:
Their sounds shall to our souls be music sweet,
Singing our dirge as on the strand they beat.

"When round the hills the pale moonlight is thrown,
And midnight dews fall on the Bauta-stone,
We 'll sit, O Thorsten, in our rounded graves,
And speak together o'er the gentle waves.

"And now, ye sons beloved, fare ye well,
We go to Allfather, in peace to dwell,
As weary rivers long to reach the sea.
With you may Frey and Thor and Odin be!"

III

FRITHIOF'S INHERITANCE

Now in their graves had been set King Bele and Thorsten the aged,
Where they themselves had desired; uprose on each side of the deep bay
Mounds high arched, like breasts that the valley of death separated.
Helge and Halfdan together, by old traditional usage,
Ruled in the house of their sire; but Frithiof shared his with no one,
And as an only son possessed the dwelling at Framnäs.
Three leagues forth was his rule, on three sides round him extended,
Valley and mountain and wood; and the sea was the fourth of his mearings.
Birch forest crowned the tops of the hills, and where they descended
Waved fields of rye as tall as a man, and golden-eared barley.
Many a fair smooth lake held a mirror of light to the mountains,
Picturing forth the forests, where elks with towering antlers
Stalked with the gait of kings, and drank from rivulets countless.
And in the valleys around, far pastured abroad o'er the meadows,
Herds with glittering hides, and udders that yearned for the milking.

Mingled with these, moved slowly about in flocks without number,
Sheep with fleeces of snow, as float in the beautiful heavens
Thick, white, feathery clouds at the gentle breathing of spring-time.
Twice twelve spirited steeds, like terrible winds in confinement,
Pawed in the stalls impatient, and champ'd the growth of the meadows;
Red silk shone in their manes, and their hoofs were flashing with steel shoes.

But a house for itself was the banquet hall, fashioned in fir-wood;
Not five hundred, though told ten dozen to every hundred,
Filled that chamber so vast, when they gathered for Yule-tide carousing.
Through the whole length of the hall shone forth the table of oak wood,
Brighter than steel, and polished; the pillars twain of the high seat
Stood on each side thereof; two gods deep carved out of elm wood:
(Odin with glance of a king, and Frey with the sun on his forehead).
Lately betwixt them sat on his bear-skin (this was as coal black,
Scarlet red were the jaws, and the paws with silver beshodden):
Thorsten still with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

Oft, while sped the moon through the sky, the greybeard related
Wonders of far-lying lands, and of many a Vikinga voyage
Wide on the eastern sea, o'er the western waves, and on Gandvik.
The glance of the listeners silent hung on the lips of the speaker—
Hung as a bee from a rose; the Skald alone thought upon Brage,
How, with his silver beard and tongue rune-written, he sitteth
Under the leafy grove, and relateth wonders by Mimer's
Ever-murmuring stream; himself a living relation.
Now in the midst of the rush-strewn hall continual flaming
Rose the fire from the mortared hearth; through the open chimney
Heavenly friend-like stars looked into the banqueting chamber.
Round on the wall from hooks of steel were hanging in order
Breast-plates and helmets together, while here and there from between them
Flashed a sword, like a meteor seen in the dark nights of winter.
But more than helmet or sword the shields shone bright in the chamber,
Clear as the orb of the sun, or the silvery disc of the pale moon.
Then, when a maiden went round the board and filled up the mead-horns,

Downwards she cast her eyes, and blushed, and her form in the round shields
Blushed like the maiden herself; this gladdened each banqueting comrade.

Rich was the house: wherever the eye could turn, there did meet it
Cellars and chests well filled, and granaries heaped with provisions.
Many a treasure, too, it contained, the booty of warfare:
Golden, with deep-carved Runes, and silver wondrously fashioned.
Three things there were prized above all the rest of the riches:
First of the three was the mighty sword, an heirloom ancestral,
Angurvadel, so was it named, and brother of Lightning;
Far in the east it was forged, as ancient legends related,
Tempered by toil of dwarfs: Björn Blætand the first who had borne it.
But Björn paid as a forfeit at once both his life and his weapon,
Southward in Groninga-sund, when he fought with the powerful Vifell.
Vifell was father to Viking. There dwelt then, feeble and aged,
At Ullaröker, a king with an only beautiful daughter.
Lo! there came from the depths of the woods a giant tremendous,
Greater in height than stature of man, and hairy and cruel,
Demanding a champion to fight, or else both daughter and kingdom.

No man stood forth to strive, nor could find a hard enough weapon
His skull of iron to wound, and therefore they named him the Iernhös.
Viking alone, who had just filled fifteen winters, withstood him,
Fighting with trust in his arm and Angurvadel, with one stroke
Cleft he the terrible foe to the waist, and rescued the fair one.
Viking left it to Thorsten, his son, and from Thorsten descended
Came it to Frithiof at last. When he drew it the hall was illumined
As by a lightning-flash, or the dazzling gleam of the north-lights.
Golden thereof was the hilt; with verses the blade of it written,
Wonderful, strange to the north, but known at the threshold of sunshine,
Where their fathers had dwelt ere the Asen led them up northwards.
Dull was the sheen of the Runes as long as was peace in the nation,
But when Hildur began her sport, then glittered they blood-red —
Red as the crest of a cock when he fighteth. Lost was the foeman
Who ever met that flaming sword in the midst of the battle.
Far was that sword renowned, and of swords the first in the Northland.

Next in worth to the sword was an arm-ring, far and wide famous,
Forged by the Vulcan of northern story, the halting Valunder;
Three marks was it in weight, of gold unmingled y-fashioned;
On it the heavens were wrought, and the towers of the twelve immortals
(Figuring changing months, the Sun's dwellings called by the minstrels):
Alfheim there might be seen, Frey's tower, and the sun in new vigor,
As he beginneth to climb the heights of the heaven at Yule-tide.
Söquabäck too was there; in its hall sat Odin by Saga,
Quaffing the wine from a golden shell,—that shell is the ocean,
Colored with gold from the glow of the morn; and Saga is springtime
Writ upon grassy fields with flowers instead of with letters.
Balder appeared there too, as the sun of midsummer, glorious,
Shedding abundance around, and shining, the image of goodness.
Beaming with light is Goodness, but all that is Evil is gloomy.
Weary the sun groweth, mounting so high, and so groweth Goodness
Faint on the dizzy height; so, sighing, sink they together
Down to the realms of Hela, the land of shadows and darkness.
Glitner was pictured thereon, the palace of peace, where Forsete,

Holding the scales in his hand impartial, ruleth the autumn.
Many such forms, whereby the progress of light was betokened,
High in the vault of the sky and deep in the spirit of mortals,
Stood, wrought by master-hand on the ring; and a cluster of rubies
Crowned the circlet fair as the sun doth the arch of the heaven.
Heirloom old in the race was the ring, its origin ancient
(Though by the mother's side) reached up to mighty Valunder.
Once had the gem been stolen away by plundering Sote;
Widely he cruised through the sea of the north, but suddenly vanished.
Rumor at last was borne how on Britain's coast he had buried
Himself, with treasure and ships, in a builded sepulchre lofty:
Still there found he no rest, and his grave forever was haunting.
Thorsten the rumor heard, with King Bele he mounted his dragon,
Cleft through the foaming waves, and steered his course unto Britain.
Wide as a temple-dome, or a lordly palace, deep-bedded
Down in the dark green grass and turf, lay the sepulchre rounded;
Light gleamed out therefrom; through a chink in the ponderous portal
Glanced the comrades in; pitch-black within stood the vessel

Of Sote, with helm and anchor and mast; and high by the tiller
Sat there a terrible form; he was clad in a fiery mantle;
Moodily glaring sat he, and scrubbed his blood-spotted weapon
Vainly; the stains remained, and all the wealth he had stolen
Round in the grave was heaped; the ring on his arm he was wearing.
"Come," whispered Bele, "let 's enter and fight with this terrible being,
Two men against a fiery fiend." Half angry swore Thorsten—
"One against one our fathers fought, and alone will I combat."
Long contended the twain for the right of the perilous conflict,
Which should essay it the first; till Bele, taking his helmet,
Shuffled for each within it a lot, and soon by the starlight
Thorsten discovered his own; so he smote on the door with his steel lance.
Open flew bolt and bar; he descended. When any one asked him
What he had seen in the gloomy pit, he was silent, and shuddered.
Bele first heard a song, like the spell of witchcraft it sounded;
Then rose a loud-clashing noise, like the crossing of weapons it sounded;
Lastly, a terrible cry, which was hushed; then out darted Thorsten,

Ghastly, bewildered, disturbed; with awful Death he had battled;
Bearing, moreover, the ring. "'T was dear-bought," oft he repeated;
"Since in my life, save the time that I won it, I ne'er was affrighted."
Far was that jewel renowned, and of jewels the first in the Northland.
Ship Ellida, the last of the three, of its kind was a jewel:
Viking (so say they), as homeward he hied him back once from battle,
Coasting the shore, espied a man on a frail spar of drift-wood
Carelessly tossing about; he seemed with the waves to be sporting.
Tall, and of powerful form, was the man; his countenance noble,
Joyous, but changing, like to the ocean playing in the sunshine.
Blue was his mantle, belted with gold, with coral adornéd;
Sea-green his hair, yet hoary his beard as the foam of the ocean.
Hitherward Viking steered his snake to shelter the outcast,
Took him perishing home to his house, and exercised kindness:
Yet when the host to a chamber would lead him, the guest laughed, exclaiming—
"Good are the winds, and my vessel, thou seest, is not to be scornéd;
Five score leagues (at least, so I hope) shall I traverse ere morning.

Thanks for thy bidding, well 't was intended; would that some kindness
I, in my turn, could offer, but my wealth lies in the ocean;
Haply to-morrow from me thou may'st find some gift by the sea-side."
Next day Viking stood by the sea, and lo! as an osprey
Flieth, quarry-pursuing, a ship sailed into the haven;
No man upon it appeared; no pilot could be discovered;
Yet it steered its winding way through breakers and quicksands,
Like as if spirit-possessed; and when it entered the haven,
Reefed were the sails by themselves, untouched by hand of a mortal;
Down sank the anchor itself, and clung with its fluke to the bottom.
Dumb stood Viking, and gazed; then sang the glad heaving billows—
"Aegir, protected, forgetteth no debt, and hath sent thee this dragon."
Kingly, indeed, was the gift; the bended planking of oak-wood,
Not, as in others, joined, was by one growth banded together;
Far spread her lengthy keel; her crest, like a serpent of ocean,
High in the bows she reared; her jaws were flaming with red gold.
Sprinkled with yellow on blue was her beam; astern, at the rudder,
Flapped she around her powerful tail, that glittered with silver;

Black were her pinions, bordered with red, and when they were bended,
Vied she in speed with the loud-roaring blast, outstripping the eagle.
Saw ye her filled with warriors armed, your eyes would have fancied
Then to have seen a fortress at sea, or the tower of a great king.
Far was that ship renowned, and of ships the first in the Northland.

These things, and many more, from his sire did Frithiof inherit;
Scarce in the northern land was there found an heritage richer,
Save with the son of a king; for the wealth of kings is the greatest.
He was no son of a king, yet king-like, in sooth, was his spirit;
Friendly, noble, and mild, with each day growing in glory.
Comrades twelve were around him, gray-haired, princes in warfare,
Thorsten's steel-breasted knights, with many a scar on their foreheads.
Lowest of these on the warrior's bench sate also a stripling,
Like to a rose in a withering bower; Björn was his title;
Gay as a child, but brave as a man, and wise as an old man;
Frithiof's comrade from childhood; blood they had mingled together
(Fosterkin by northern use), and sworn to continue
Sorrow and joy to share, and avenge the death of each other.

Now, 'midst the crowd of comrades and guests who had
come to the grave-feast,
Frithiof, a sorrowing host, his eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Drank (as our ancestors used) his father's memory, hearing
Songs of Skalds resound to his praise,—a thundering
Drapa,—
Mounted his father's seat, now his, and silently sat him
Down betwixt Odin and Frey; that is Thor's place up in
Valhalla.

IV

FRITHIOF'S WOOING

Loud soundeth the song in Frithiof's hall,
The Skalds sing the fame of his ancestors all;
No joy do they bring
To Frithiof, who heeds not the tales they sing.

Again hath the earth donned her raiment of green,
And vessels swim over the billows again;
To the shadowy grove
Hieth Frithiof, by moonlight, to dream of his love.

Till lately he joined in the joys of his home,
For Halfdan the merry he 'd bidden to come,
And dark Helge, the King,
And with them fair Ingborg persuaded to bring.

He sat by her side, and her white hand he pressed,
And the pressure returned made him happy and blest;
And he hung in a trance
Of unspeakable love on her favoring glance.

And often they spake of each happier day,
When the morning dew on their young lives lay,—
Of childhood's hours,
To noble minds a garden of flowers.

They spake of each valley and forest dark,—
Of their names deep-carved in the birchen-bark,—
Of each ancient grave,
Where the oaks grew tall in the dust of the brave.

"In the court of the King no such gladness hath smiled,
For Helge is sullen, and Halfdan wild,
And my brothers hear
Naught but flattering song or covetous prayer.

"I have no one" (and here she blushed red as the rose)
"To whom I may speak of my sorrow and woes;
The court of the King
Far less joy than the valley of Hilding can bring.

"The doves which together we long ago reared
By the hawks' fierce attack are all scattered and scared;
One pair alone
Remains, of that last pair take thou the one.

"For, doubtless, the bird to his mate will return:
They even for love and for fondness can yearn;
'Neath its wing bind for me,
One loving word which unnoticed may be."

So whispering sate they the livelong day,
And were whispering still when the sun passed away,
As the evening breeze
Whispers in spring through the linden-trees.

But now she is gone, and his joyous mood
Is fled with her presence; the youthful blood
Mounts to his cheek:
He sighs and grieves, silent, unwilling to speak.

And sadly he wrote of his grief by the dove,
Which joyously sped on his message of love;

But ah! to their woe,
From his mate could no more be persuaded to go.

But Björn this mourning could not bear,—
He cried—"What makes our young eagle here
So sad and moody?
Hath his breast been struck, are his pinions bloody?

"What will'st thou? For here we can fear no need
Of noble food, or of nut-brown mead?
And the Skalds' long train
Cease not the joyous, tuneful strain.

"His pawing coursers impatient neigh;
His falcon wildly screams for prey.
In the clouds alone
Will Frithiof chase, by sorrowing o'erthrown.

"Ellida hath no rest upon the wave,
Early and late at anchor doth she chafe.
Ellida, be thou still;
For strife and warfare is not Frithiof's will."

At last sets Frithiof his dragon free;
The sails swell high, the waves cleaves she;
And speedily brings
Him over the sea to the court of the Kings.

That day were they sitting on Bele's grave,
And judgment before all the people they gave;
Loud Frithiof cried,—
Round hill and vale his voice echoed wide.

"Fair Ingborg, ye monarchs, I love as my life,
And your sister I ask of you now for my wife;
This union, too,
Was ever King Bele's purpose true.

"In Hilding's home brought up we were,
As young trees grow together fair;
And our fates above
Hath Freya woven in gold threads of love.

"No King, no Yarl was my sire, I own;
But long shall his name in song live on.
The fame of our race
Is witnessed in many a burial-place.

"'T were easy for me to win kingdom and land,
But that better I cherish my native strand;
Where with love I 'll watch o'er
The court of the King and the hut of the poor.

"We stand on the grave of great Bele; he hears
Below us my word, which adjures you with prayers;
For this boon from you
With Frithiof your buried sire doth sue."

Then rose King Helge, and cried with scorn,
"Our sister was ne'er for a vassal born;
A king's son alone
Shall Valhalla's beautiful daughter own.

"Go! style thyself first in the North in thy pride;
Win maids with thy word, and win men with thy might:

But given to thee
Our sister, of Odin's blood, never shall be.

"Let the care of the realm be no trouble to thee,
I can guard it myself, but my serf thou may'st be;
A place there is still
In our household thou mayest be happy to fill."

"Thy serf," exclaimed Frithiof, "I never shall be;
I 'm a man for myself, as my father was, free.
From thy silver sheath fly,
Angurvadel, to fright his security."

Bright flashed the blue steel 'gainst the sun-lighted sky,
And the Runes blazed blood-red as he waved it on high:
"Angurvadel," quoth he,
"Thou, at least, art of ancient nobility.

"If the peace of the grave did not pacify me,
Dark King, my good blade would have brought it to thee;
Now hear this last word,
Come never again within reach of my sword."

So spake he, and cleft with a terrible stroke
The gold shield of Helge, which hung on an oak,
In twain at a blow,
And its crash on the grave was reëchoed below.

"Well stricken, good sword! now lie quiet, and think
Upon mightier deeds; but at present let sink
Thy Runes' bright glow;
O'er the blue waves we must homeward go."

V

KING RING

And King Ring from the board his gold seat thrust forth;
Skalds and warriors rise
To list to their monarch's word of worth,
Famed in the north;
Good was he as Balder, and as Mimer wise.

Peaceful his land, like groves where gods are found;
Never arose
The din of arms within its sheltered bound;
And all around
The grass grew green, and sweetly bloomed the rose.

Justice sate merciful, but undismayed,
Upon the judging-stone;
And peace each year abundant tribute paid;
While widely spread
In sunshine bright the golden corn-fields shone.

O'er ocean the black-breasted dragons hied
On snowy pinions;
Thither from many a distant land they plied,
And from far and wide
Brought riches more to his rich dominions.

With peace dwelt freedom safely there,
And though the King
All, as the father of the land, held dear,
Still, without fear,
Each spoke his mind upon the open Ting.

He 'd ruled the Northmen, in peace and right,
Full thirty years;
None left his presence unsatisfied;
And every night
Sped to Odin his name in his people's prayers.

So King Ring from the board his gold seat thrust forth,
And all rose glad
To hear the monarch's word of worth,
Famed in the north,
But, deeply sighing, thus he spake and said:

"In Folkvang sitteth my gentle Queen,
On purple throned;
But here on her grave the grass grows green,
And flowers are seen
To bloom by the brook that flows around.

"Ne'er find I a Queen so lovely and leal
My crown to share.
She 's fled to Valhalla in joy to dwell;
But the common weal
Makes me seek for my children a mother's care.

"With the summer winds often we used to see
King Bele here;
A lily-sweet daughter he left, and she
My choice shall be,
With the morning dawn on her cheeks so fair.

"She is young, and young maidens love, I know,
To pluck flowers of spring.

My bloom is past, and chill winter's snow
Full long ago
Hath whitened the hoary locks of your King.

"Yet an honest man still her choice may be,
Though white his hair;
And if to my motherless children she
A mother will be,
Then autumn with spring-time his throne may share.

"Take gold from my coffers, take bridal array
From each oaken chest;
And follow, ye bards, with your harps on the way,
For meetly may
He seek Brage's aid who a-wooing doth haste."

Forth with shouting and glee his men sped strong,
With gifts and with gold;
And the Skalds they followed, a winding throng,
With harp and with song,
And the home of King Bele's sons soon they behold.

Two days they feasted, they feasted three;
When the fourth was come,
To hear what Helge's answer might be
Entreated they,
That back again they might hie them home.

To the grove for sacrifice brought he in haste
Both falcon and steed;
Then sought each Vala, and sought each priest,

What fate were best
For his sister, the beautiful Ingborg, decreed.

But the omens were evil, though anxiously tried
Each Vala and priest;
And Helge, by evil signs terrified,
"Nay!" sturdily cried,
"For men must yield to the god's behest."

But merry King Halfdan laughingly cried,
"Oh! wasted feast,
Had King Greybeard himself chosen hither to ride,
Full gladly I 'd
Have helped him myself to climb up on his beast."

The messengers hied them home angrily;
To their master's ear
The tale they told, and loud swore he—
"Right speedily
King Greybeard this stain from his honor shall clear."

He smote on his war-shield, which hung at rest
On a linden-tree;
And his dragons sped over the sea in haste,
With blood-red crest;
And the helmet plumes waved merrily.

And to Helge the rumors of war came near.
In dread quoth he—
"King Ring is mighty, we 've cause to fear,
So in Balder's care
In the temple 't were better my sister should be."

There sate the loving one mournfully
In the peaceful shade;
She wrought in silk, and in gold wrought she;
Unceasingly
Her tears fell, like dew on the lily shed.

VI

FRITHIOF PLAYS CHESS

Frithiof sat with Björn the true
At the chess-board, fair to view;
Squares of silver decked the frame,
Interchanged with squares of gold.
Hilding entered, thus he greeted, —
"On the upper bench be seated,
Drain the horn until my game
I finish, foster-father bold."

Quoth Hilding: "Hither come I speeding,
For King Bele's sons entreating;
Danger daily sounds more near,
And the people's hope art thou."
"Björn," quoth Frithiof, "now beware,
Ill thy King doth seem to fare,
A pawn may free him from his fear,
So scruple not to let it go."

"Court not, Frithiof, kings' displeasure,
Though with Ring they ill may measure;
Yet eagle's young have wings of power,
And their force thy strength outvies."
"If, Björn, thou wilt my tower beset,
Thus easily thy wile I meet,
No longer canst thou gain my tower,
Which back to place of safety hies."

"Ingeborg, in Balder's keeping,
Passeth all her days in weeping,

Thine aid in strife may *she* not claim,
Fearful maiden, azure-eyed."
"What wouldst thou, Björn? Assail my Queen,
Which dear from childhood's days hath been,—
The noblest piece in all the game?
Her I 'll defend, whate'er betide."

"What! Frithiof, wilt thou not reply?
And shall thy foster-father hie
Unheeded from thine hearth away
Because thy game is long to end?"
Then stood Frithiof up, and laid
Hilding's hand in his, and said,
"Already hast thou heard me say
What answers to their prayers I send.

"Go, let the sons of Bele learn
That, since my suit they dared to spurn,
No bond between us shall be tied;
Their serf I never shall become."
"Well! follow on thy proper path;
Ill fits it me to chide thy wrath:
All to some good may Odin guide,"
Hilding said, and hied him home.

VII

FRITHIOF'S JOY

"Though Bele's sons may widely sound,
From vale to vale, the battle-cry,
I go not forth; my battle-ground,
My world, in Balder's grove doth lie.
From thence no backward glance I 'll cast
On kingly spite or earthly care;
But joys of the immortals taste
United with my Ingborg fair.

"As long as glowing sunshine hovers
O'er flowers fair in purple light,
Like rosy-tinted veil that covers
The bosom of my Ingborg bright,—
So long I wander by the strand,
By longing ceaselessly devoured,
And, sighing, trace upon the sand
Her name beloved with my sword.

"How slowly pass the hours away;
Why, son of Delling, lingerest thou?
Hast thou not marked each isle and bay,
Each hill and grove, full oft ere now?
Doth no belov'd one westward dwell
Who for thy coming long doth grieve,
And flieth to thy breast to tell
Her love at dawn, her love at eve?

"But, weary with thy course, at last
Thou sinkest downwards from the height;

Her rosy carpet eve doth haste
To spread for all the gods' delight;
Of love waves whisper as they flee;
Winds whisper love in breathing light;
Mother of gods! I welcome thee,
In bridal pearls arrayed, O Night!

"Each silent star glides through the sky,
Like lover to his mistress true:
Over the waves, Ellida, fly,
Speed, speed us on, ye billows blue.
To home of loving gods we steer,
Where yonder lies the holy grove,
And Balder's temple standeth near,
Where dwells the goddess of my love.

"How happy spring I to the strand,
Beloved Earth, I press thee glad;
And you, ye little flowers, that stand
My path to gem with white and red;
Thou Moon, with silvery light that beamest
Round mound, and grove, and temple tall,
How fair thou sittest there, and dreamest,
Like Saga in a bridal hall.

"Who taught thee, flowery brook, to tell
In murmur sweet, my love exprest?
Who gave thee, Northland's nightingale,
Those wailings, stolen from my breast?
The fairies paint in sunset hues
My Ingeborg on cloud-banks gray;

A rival beauty Freya views,
And, jealous, breathes the form away.

"Yet may her image now depart,
Since, fair as Hope, here cometh she;
Still, as in childhood, true of heart,
She bringeth love's reward to me.
Come, darling, to my fond caressing,
Cling to this heart, where thou art dear;
My soul's delight, my being's blessing,
Come to my arms, and linger there.

"As slender as the lily slight,
As blooming as the opened rose;
Thou art as pure as Balder bright,
Yet warm of heart, as Freya glows.
Kiss me, my Ingborg; let my love
In joy bring kindred joy to thee;
For earth beneath and heaven above
Both vanish when thou kissest me.

"Fear not, no danger cometh near;
There standeth Björn with trusty blade,
And men enough, if need there were,
To shield us 'gainst the world arrayed.
And I, oh! could but I contend
For thee, as now embracing me,
Glad to Valhalla should I wend,
And thou shouldst my Valkyria be.

"Of Balder's wrath what whispereth thou?
He, tender god, ne'er loveth ill

Those fond ones who, with plighted vow,
In loving, his decrees fulfil.
He who true faith in heart doth bear,
And beaming sunshine on his brow,
Was e'er his love to Nanna dear
More pure, more warm, than ours is now?

"There stands his image; he is near;
How softly gazing from above;
And I will offer to him here
A heart that glows with faithful love.
Kneel down with me, there cannot be
For Balder fairer sacrifice
Than faithful hearts, which lovingly
Unite in truth as firm as his.

"To heaven, more than earth, my love
Belongs, despise it, spurn it not;
For it was born in heaven above,
And longeth homeward to be brought.
Oh, would we were already sped;
Oh! would we could together die;
That I triumphantly might lead
My pallid Ingborg to the sky.

"Then, when to strife the warriors went,
Through silver portals as they ride,
I 'd gaze on thee, a trusty friend,
And sit rejoicing by thy side.
When Valhall's maidens passed around
The mead-horns, crowned with foam of gold,

To thee alone my pledge should sound,
Thy name alone with love be told.

"On some fair sea-surrounded isle
I 'd build for thee a bower of love,
And there the time away we 'd while,
Midst golden fruits in shadowy grove.
And when, with clear and lovely ray,
Valhalla's sun illumed the plain,
Back to the gods we 'd take our way,
But long to reach our isle again.

"And I 'd adorn with star-light glance
The golden tresses of thy head,
And high in Vingolf's hall should dance
My pallid lily rosy red.
Then from the dance my love I 'd bring
To bowers of peace, in fondness true,
And Brage, silver-bearded, sing
Thy nuptial song, forever new.

"How sings the throstle in the grove,
Its song is from Valhalla's strand;
How sweetly shines the moon above, —
It shineth from the spirits' land.
Both song and shining join to tell
Of worlds of love unmarred by care:
Would in such worlds that I might dwell
With thee, with thee, my Ingborg fair!

"Nay, weep not, weep not: life still streams
Within my veins: oh! weep no more.

But mortals' love and mortals' dreams
Are ever upward prone to soar.
Ah! stretch but hitherward thine arms,
Bend but thy loving eyes on me,
And see! how soon thy fondness charms
Thy dreamer back from heaven to thee."

"Hist! 't is the lark!"—"Nay, 't is a dove
That cooeth fondness in the shade;
The lark is slumbering 'neath the grove,
In sheltered nest beside its mate.
Oh! happy they, for daylight brings
To them no cause for dread or fear,
Their lives are free as are the wings
That skyward waft the gladsome pair."

"See, morning dawns."—"Nay, 't is the glow
Of watchful beacons eastward shed;
Our love we still may whisper low,
Not yet the happy night is sped.
Belate thee, golden star of day,
O morning, slumber, slumber still,
For Frithiof may'st thou sleep away
'Till Ragnarök, if such thy will.

"But ah! in vain the loving hope;
Already morning's breezes blow,
Already eastern roses ope,
As bright as Ingborg's cheek can glow.
The band of wingéd songsters twitters,
All joyous in the bright'ning sky;

And earth awakes, and ocean glitters,
Away must gloom and lovers fly.

"Now mounts the sun in majesty:
Forgive, O golden god, my prayer,
I feel thy near divinity:
How noble art thou, and how fair.
Oh! that I so my path could tread,
Like thee, in majesty and might,
And, proud and glad, my life be clad,
Like thine, in victory and light.

"Now here, before thine eyes, I set
The fairest maiden in the north;
Watch over her, O Balder great,
Thine image she on grassy earth.
Her soul is spotless as thy ray;
Her eye is as thy heaven blue;
And thy bright gold, that decks the day,
Glows in her lovely tresses too.

"Farewell! my Ingeborg, and now
Another night we must await:
Farewell! one kiss upon thy brow,
And one upon thy lips so sweet.
Now sleep and dream of me, and waking
Still on our love in fond thought dwell,—
Count of the hours, as I do, taking,
Loving, as I do; fare thee well."

VIII

THE PARTING

INGEBORG

Already comes the day, but brings not Frithiof,
Though yesterday the open Ting was held
At Bele's grave: well chosen was the place
Where Bele's daughter's fate should be decreed.
How many fond entreaties did it cost,—
How many bitter tears,—by Freya told,
To melt the ice of hate round Frithiof's heart,
And win the promise from his haughty lips,
Once more to offer a forgiving hand?
Ah! man is stern, and for his own vain pride,
Miscalled his honor, he hath little care,—
Ay, less than care,—how easily he may
Torture and wound a fondly loving heart.
And hapless woman, clinging to his breast,
Is like the growth of moss, which on the cliff,
Blooming in pallor, difficultly keeps
Its hold unmarked upon the sturdy rock,
Drawing its nurture from the dews of night.

And yesterday my fate hath been decreed!
And over it the evening sun hath set:
Yet Frithiof cometh not. The pallid stars
Wane one by one, and vanish and depart,
And with each gleam, that slowly fades away,
Some hope within me sinketh to the grave.
Yet, wherefore should I hope? Valhalla's powers
Owe me no favor, by myself estranged:

The mighty Balder, in whose shrine I dwell,
I have offended: for no mortal's love
Is pure enough for such a god's beholding;
And earthly joys should never dare to come
Wherever they, the holy and sublime
Rulers of heaven, have their dwelling made.
And yet, what crime is mine? The gentle god
Could ne'er be angry at a maiden's love.
Is it not pure, as Urda's silver wave,
And innocent, as Gefion's morning dream?
The lofty Sun hath never turned away
Its eye of brightness from a loving pair;
And starry Night, the widow of the Day,
Amidst her mourning hears their vows with joy.
Can what is holy 'neath the vaulted sky
Become a crime beneath a temple's dome?
I love my Frithiof, and have ever loved;
Far as my furthest recollections go,
Growth of my growth, that love hath ever been:
When it began I never knew; can tell
No hour of life that hath not been of love.
And as the fruit is formed around the core,
And, clinging there, in Nature's time becomes,
Beneath the sunbeams, like a ball of gold,
So have I too grown up, and ripening glad
Around this kernel, all my being is
Only the outward shell that holds my love.
Forgive me, Balder! See, a faithful heart
Into thy halls I brought; with such alone
Will I depart, and speed, with such alone,
Over bright Bifrost's bridge; with such alone
Stand, faithful still, before Valhalla's gods.

There shall my love, a child of heaven, like them,
Mirror itself in shining shields, and fly
On dove-like pinion through the endless space
Of azure heaven to Allfader's breast,
From whence it came. Oh! wherefore darkenest thou,
In the gray dawn, thy gentle brow with frowns?
The blood of mighty Odin fills my veins
As well as thine: but, oh! not e'en to thee,
Great kinsman, can I sacrifice my love,
Worth more to me than all this boundless heaven.
Yet can I offer all my joy of life,
And cast it from me, even as a queen
Can cast away her royal robe, and still
Remain the queen she was. Well! 't is decreed
Valhalla's great ones shall not need to blush
For their descendant. I will meet my fate
As heroes meet with theirs. Here cometh Frithiof,
How wild, how pale! All, all is lost, is lost!
With him approacheth, too, my angry Norne.
Be strong, my heart!—Oh! welcome, though how late!
Our fate is sealed; too easily I read
It on thy brow.

FRITHIOF

Stand there also there
No blood-red Runes, bespeaking scorn and shame,
Insult and ban?

INGEBORG

Oh! Frithiof, calm thyself.
Tell me thy tale: the worst my fears foretold
Full long ago. For all am I prepared.

FRITHIOF

I reached the Ting, where stand our fathers' tombs,
And round its grassy sides, shield crowding shield,
And sword in hand, the Northland's sons arrayed,
One ring within another gathered, stood
Up to the summit; on the judging-stone,
Like a dark thunder-cloud, King Helge sate,—
The pallid sacrificer, with forbidding looks;
And by him, thoughtless, leaning on his sword,
A fair, well-fashioned youth, King Halfdan sate.
Then stood I forth, and cried—"War cometh near;
The foemen's shields upon our borders clash.
King Helge, peril threateneth thy realm.
Give me thy sister, and I bring to thee
This arm to combat, which may service do,
And let our former quarrel be forgot.
With Ingborg's kindred love I not to strive.
Bethink thee, monarch, and together save
Thy golden crown, thy sister's happiness.
Here is my hand; by Thor divine, no more
Than this last time I offer it for peace."
A shout filled all the Ting, a thousand swords
Clashed loud approval on a thousand shields.
Far fled the sounds into the lofty skies,
Which drank the shouts of freemen for the right:
"Oh, give him Ingeborg, the gentle lily;
No fairer ever in our valleys bloomed:
His is the bravest sword in all the land.
Oh! give him Ingeborg." Our foster-father,
The aged Hilding, with the silvery beard,
Stood forth, and spake, in words of wisdom deep,

Short, pithy pleas, which rang like strokes of swords.
And Halfdan, rising from the royal seat,
Himself besought, with many a word and sign.
All was in vain, and bootless every prayer!
So beaming sunshine, on the barren rock,
No fruit enticeth from its stony heart;
And Helge's dark, unchanging visage spake
To all entreaties still a ghastly Nay.
"A yeoman's son," said he, at length, in scorn,
"Might wed with Ingborg; but to Valhall's daughter
Becometh ill a sacrilegious mate.
Hast thou not, Frithiof, broken Balder's peace?
Hast thou not seen my sister in his shrine,
When Day had hid itself before the crime?
Answer me, Yea or Nay!" Loud rose a cry
Amidst the crowd of men:—"Say Nay, say only Nay,
Thou Thorsten's mighty son, almost a king;
Thy word we trust, and we for thee will sue:
Only say Nay, and Ingeborg is thine."
"My joy of life hangs on a single word,"
I said; "yet fear not therefore thou, O King!
I would not lie for all Valhalla's bliss,
Then scarce for earthly joy; I saw thy sister,
And spake with her at night-time in the temple,
Yet thus I never broke the peace of Balder." Here
I had to cease. A scream of horrid fear
Spread through the Ting; those who beside me stood
Fell off as from a plague-besmitten man.
Where'er I looked, their superstitious fear
Had hushed each tongue, and every face was pale,
Which just before had flushed with joyous hope.
There conquered Helge: then, in ghastly tones,

Hollow and deep (like those of Vala dread,
In Vegtamsquida, when to Odin singing
Of Hela's triumph, and the Asen's fall),
Thus spake he gloomy:—"Banishment or death
I might denounce by our ancestral laws
Against thy sin; but I will show me mild
As Balder is, whose holiness thou 'st slighted.
In western ocean doth a cluster lie
Of islands, where Jarl Angantyr bears sway:
A stated yearly tribute paid the Jarl
While Bele lived, but never since his death.
Cross thou the sea, and fetch that tribute back
So may thy service for thy sin atone."
Then in mean scorn he added—"Hard of hand,
They say, he is; and, like the dragon Fafner,
He watcheth o'er his gold; but who can stand
Against our second Sigurd, Fafner's bane?
This shall a worthier adventure prove
Than maidens to beguile in Balder's grove.
Next summer let us see thee homeward wend
With all thy glory, and thy treasure, too:
Else shalt thou be a knave in Northmen's eyes;
And all thy lifetime peaceless in the land."
Such was his speech; and so the Ting dispersed.

INGEBORG

And now thy purpose?

FRITHIOF

Have I aught to choose?
Hangeth my honor not on his demand?
And I must free it—ay, if Angantyr

His wretched gold in Nastrand's waves should hide.
This day shall I depart.

INGEBORG

And leavest me?

FRITHIOF

Nay, nay, I leave thee not; thou, too, shalt come.

INGEBORG

Impossible!

FRITHIOF

O Ingborg, hear me first.
Thy crafty brother seemeth to forget
That Angantyr had been my father's friend,
As well as Bele's; and he yet may give
With good will what I ask: should he refuse,
I have a sharp-tongued, mighty advocate
My cause to plead; it hangeth by my side.
The gold he loves to Helge I will send,
Freeing forever, thus, myself and thee
From service to this crownéd hypocrite.
But we ourselves, my Ingborg fair, will spread
Ellida's sails; and over seas unknown
She 'll bear us bounding to a happier land,
And find sweet shelter for our banished love.
What care have I for Northland, for a race
Who, when their priests but speak, in fear grow pale,
And rude would tear the flow'r-crowned cup of life
From out the sanctuary of my heart.
By Freya, nay, they never shall succeed.
None but a slave will to his mother-soil

Be chained unwilling; I will wander free,
Free as the mountain winds. A little clay
Gathered from Bele's and my father's graves
Finds place upon our bark; and that is all
That we of Fatherland can ever need.
O my beloved, warmer sunshine glows
Than our pale light above the snowy hills;
And we can find a fairer heaven than here,
Where gentle stars with godlike beam glance down,
And in the happy, balmy summer night
Watch in the laurel groves each loving pair.
Full far my father, Thorsten, Viking's son,
Wandered in warfare; and full oft he told
By blazing hearth through the long winter nights
Of southern ocean, with its islands fair:
Green groves reflected in the shining waves.
In days of old ruled there a mighty race;
And gods tremendous in their marble shrines.
But now forsaken stand they. Grass grows o'er
The mounds deserted; and wild flowers hide
Inscriptions which the old world's wisdom show.
Ruins of tapering pillars there grow green,
Covered with leaves of clinging southern weeds,
And all around the lovely earth brings forth
Harvests unsown of all that men can need.
And golden fruits on shadowy branches glow:
There grapes in heavy clusters on the vine
Hang purple-red, and ripe as thy sweet lips:—
There, Ingeborg, we 'll found beyond the waves
Another Northland, fairer far than here;
And with our faithful love rejoice once more
Deserted shrines and temples, and delight

With mortal fondness the forgotten gods.
Then if some mariner with flapping sail
(For there no storms engage) drift past our isle
By rosy sunset, and with joyous gaze
Look from the ruddy ocean to the strand,
Then on the temple's threshold shall he see
Thee, a new Freya (her, methinks, they name
In their tongue Aphrodite)—shall behold
Thy golden locks light floating in the breeze;
Thine eyes more radiant than the southern sky.
And growing round thee, coming by degrees,
A temple-dwelling little Alfen-race
With flushing cheeks, as if the South had set
All its fair roses in the northern snows.
Ah! Ingeborg, how fair, how near doth stand
Each earthly joy to two fond loving hearts!
If boldly grasped whene'er its time be come,
It follows willingly, and builds for them
A Vingolf even here on earth below.
Come, hasten! even now each word we speak
Stealeth away an instant from our joy.
All is prepared, and, eager for her flight,
Ellida flaps her darkling eagle-wings,
And the fresh breathing north wind calls us forth
Forever from this superstitious shore.
How? Lingerest thou?

INGEBORG

Alas! I cannot follow thee.

FRITHIOF

Not follow me?

INGEBORG

Ah! Frithiof, thou art happy!
Following no man, thou canst forward go,
Like thy swift vessel; at the rudder stands
Thy will alone; and so thou steerest forth,
With steady hand, above the angry waves.
Alas! how different my lot must be.
My destiny in other hands must lie,
Which yield not up their prey, although it bleed.
Self-sacrifice, and grief, and pining is
The freedom of the daughter of a king.

FRITHIOF

Art thou not free, whene'er thou wilt? sitteth thy sire
Not in his grave?

INGEBORG

Ah! Helge is my father,
Or standeth in his place; without his will
I cannot wed: and Bele's daughter steals
No happiness, however near it lie.
For what were woman, thus self-willed, to break
Those bonds wherewith the wise Allfader linketh
Ever the weaker being to the strong?
In the pale water-lily is her type,
Sinking or rising on the changing waves;
Above it speeds the sailor's keel away,
And recks not how it wound the tender stem:
Such is its destiny; and yet as long
As clings the root tenacious in the sand
It sprouteth ever forth; its pallid hues
It borroweth from sister-stars above,

Itself a star upon the azure deep:
But, by the roots uptorn, it drifts away,
A faded leaf upon the desert wave.
Last night—and oh! a wretched night it was—
Anxious as watch'd I, and thou camest not,
Thoughts all-terrific, offspring of the night,
The raven-locked, passed constantly before
My waking eyes, which burned, but could not weep.
Balder himself, the bloodless god, did seem
To bend upon me glances filled with rage.
And so, last night, I have revolved my fate,
And thus determined; I will linger here,
Submissive victim to my brother's will.
Yet it is well that then I had not heard
Thy hope-breathed dreams of cloud-imagined isles,
Where ever glows the heavenly sunset's light
O'er flow'ry lands of tranquil peace and love.
How few can tell how weak we are; the dreams
Of childhood, long-forgotten, rise anew
And whisper in my ear with gentle tones
As well remembered as a sister's voice,—
As sweet and tender as a lover's tones.
But now I will not hearken, will not heed
Those sweet, persuading, once beloved words!
Can I, the Northland's child, there southwards dwell?
I am too pale for southern roses' bloom:
Too colorless my thought for Southland's glow.
It would be melted 'neath its burning sun;
And longingly my weary eye would strain
Towards the bright north-star, which unchanging keeps
Its heavenly watch above our fathers' graves.
My noble Frithiof shall not fly away

From the dear fatherland he should defend,
Nor ever cast his wide-spread fame aside
For such a trifle as a maiden's love.
A life in which the sun spins year by year,
Each day unvarying from the day before,
A sameness beautiful, but everlasting,
May suit for maidens; but for manly souls
Like thine a tranquil life is wearisome.
Thou thrivest best when storms tumultuous ride
Their foaming battle-steeds across the seas,
And on a swaying plank, for life or death
Battlest with peril for the meed of fame.
The lovely desert thou hast painted were
A grave untimely for thine unborn deeds;
Together with thy shield, thy free-born soul
Would gather rust. Oh! that shall never be:
Ne'er will I steal away my Frithiof's name
From Skalden songs, and never will I quench
My hero's glory in its rosy dawn.
Be wise, my Frithiof; let us yield before
The mighty Nornes, and, so submitting, save
At least our honor from the wreck of fate;
Our joy of life we can no longer save.
So we must separate.

FRITHIOF

But wherefore so—
Because a sleepless night thy mind disturbs?

INGEBORG

Because thy safety and my worth demand.

FRITHIOF

A woman's worth in manly love is found.

INGEBORG

He loves not long who doth not honor too.

FRITHIOF

Inconstant stubbornness no honor wins.

INGEBORG

A noble stubbornness is love of right.

FRITHIOF

Yet yesterday it strove not with our love.

INGEBORG

Nor doth to-day, but with our flight the more.

FRITHIOF

It is necessity that calls us. Come.

INGEBORG

Needful alone is what is right and noble.

FRITHIOF

High mounts the sun, the time is fleeting by.

INGEBORG

Ah me! it is gone by, gone by forever.

FRITHIOF

Bethink thee well,—is this thy last resolve?

INGEBORG

I have bethought me well, and so resolve.

FRITHIOF

Farewell, then, Helge's sister, fare thee well!

INGEBORG

O Frithiof, Frithiof, is it thus we sever?
And hast thou then no kindly glance for me,
Thy childhood's friend; hast thou no hand to offer
To her unhappy, whom thou once didst love?
Think'st thou I stand on roses here, and cast
Away with senseless smile my lifetime's joy,
Uprooting from my heart without a pang
The hope beloved which with my growth hath grown?
Hast thou not been the day-dream of my heart?
All that I ever knew of joy was Frithiof;
And all that life hath generous or brave
Forever in my mind thy image took.
Oh! shadow not that image to me, meet
With harshness not the poor weak girl, who offers
All that on earth's wide circuit she holds dear,—
All that can dearest be in Valhall's halls.
Frithiof, this sacrifice is hard enough,
A word of comfort it might well deserve.
I know thou lovest me; I knew it well,
Already when our days began to bloom,
And surely shall thy Ingborg's love pursue

Thee many a year, where'er thou mayest wend.
But din of arms at length will dull thy grief,
Which, floating far upon the stormy waves,
Will find no place beside thee on the bench,
When, glad with victory, thou drain'st the horn.
Yet now and then, when in the peace of night
Thou musterest memories of the bygone days,
Amongst them may flit by an image pale
Well known to thee, and bringing greeting fond
Of thy dear home, and it shall bear the form
Of the pale maid who dwells in Balder's grove.
Thou wilt not drive it from thee, though its glance
May troubled seem; ah! whisper but a word,
One word of friendship to it, and the winds
Of night on faithful wings will waft it me;
One comfort left, the only one I own:
For I have nothing to disperse my grief;
All that surroundeth me recalleth it:
These lofty temple halls but speak of thee;
Even Balder's image in the still moonlight,
Threatening no longer, seems thy form to take.
Seaward I look,—there swam thy keel, and clave
Its way to me awaiting on the strand.
Landward I look,—there standeth many a stem
With Ingborg's name deep carved upon the bark:
The trees stretch out, and so the name grows faint,
'T is but a token, as they say, of death.
I ask of daylight, when it saw thee last?
Of night I ask, but she remaineth still.
Even the sea, which beareth thee, returneth
My questions only with a sigh to shore.
Greetings I 'll send thee in the sunset red,

Quenching its fires afar amongst thy waves.
Each cloudship that sails through the sky shall bear
A freight of sorrow from the lonely one.
So in the maiden's chamber will I sit,
A dark-clad widow, mourning for her joy;
Embroidering broken lilies in the frame,
Till Spring a newly-woven carpet spread,
Covered with sweeter lilies, o'er my grave;
Or, taking up my harp, my endless woe
Breathe forth in deepest tones of misery,
Or burst in tears, as now.

FRITHIOF

Thou conquerest, child of Bele; weep no more;
Forgive my anger: ah! 't was naught but grief,
Which for a moment borrowed anger's garb,—
A garb which I can never carry long.
Oh! Ingeborg, thou art my Norna good;
The noble best nobility can teach;
The wisdom of necessity can have
Never a better advocate than thee,
Oh! lovely Vala, with the rosy lips.
Yes, I will yield before necessity,—
Will part from thee, but never part from hope.
Hope I 'll bear with me o'er the western waves,
I 'll bear it with me to the gates of death.
With the first spring-day will I hie me home;
Me shall King Helge soon, I trust, behold,
My vow accomplished, and my task fulfilled,
The crime forgiven of which I stand accused.
Then shall I ask thee, nay, shall claim thy hand
Upon the open Ting, 'midst naked swords,

From Helge not, but from the Northland race,
That is thy sponsor true, thou child of kings.
I have a word for him who shall refuse.
Till then, farewell, be true, remember me;
And take, in memory of our childhood's love,
My arm-ring here, Valunder's beauteous work.
With heavenly wonders graven on the gold;
Still worthier wonder is a faithful heart.
How well it clingeth to thy dazzling arm—
A glow-worm glittering on a lily-stem.
Farewell, my bride, my darling, fare thee well;
Bide a few moons, and all our grief is changed.

(*He goes.*)

INGEBORG

How proud, how valiant, and how strong in hope,
The point he setteth of his trusty sword
At Norna's breast, and crieth—"Thou must yield."
Ah! my poor Frithiof, Norna never yields;
She goes her way, and laughs at Angurvadel.
How little knowest thou my sullen brother!
Thine open valiant soul can never fathom
The gloomy depths of his; nor tell the hate
That burneth fiercely in his envious breast.
His sister's hand to thee he 'll never give.
Far sooner will he risk his crown, his life,
And offer me to hoary Odin, or
To agéd Ring, with whom he now contends.
Where'er I look, I see no hope for me;
Yet am I glad, it liveth in thine heart.
So I will keep my sorrow for myself;
And, oh! may all the good gods follow thee!

Thine arm-ring here shall help me well to tell
The dreary months off, in consuming care;
Two, four, and six,—then mayest thou return,
But never find again thine Ingeborg.

IX

INGEBORG'S LAMENTATION

"Autumn is here;
High-heaving Ocean its waves doth rear;
And still, here, far from my home,
Gladly I 'd roam.

"Long did I view
His sail in the west, on its course as it flew;
Oh! happy, my Frithiof to follow
Over the billow.

"Ye blue billows rough,
Swell not so high; ye speed swiftly enough.
Shine brightly, ye stars, to display
To my Frithiof his way.

"He will be home
With Spring; but his dear one will come
No more to his love-breathing call
In valley or hall.

"Ghastly, and cold
To the voice of his love, she shall lie in the mould;
Or, offered for her brother's need,
Lamenting, bleed.

"Thou, his falcon, art left;
Mine shalt thou be, and I 'll treasure the gift;
But by me, thou wing'd hunter of heaven,
Thy food shall be given.

"Thy place thou shalt claim,
Displayed on his wrist on the 'broidering frame;
Thy wings of silver folding
Thy talons golden.

"Freya, in need,
Took falcon's wings once, through creation to speed,
And her Oedur belovéd sought forth
In south and in north.

"E'en couldest thou share
Thy pinions with me, scarce my weight could they bear:
'T is death, and death only, that brings
Celestial wings.

"Sky-hunter brave,
Perch on my shoulder, and gaze o'er the wave.
Alas! how long may we gaze
While Frithiof delays.

"When I am dead
He will return; to my message give heed—
Welcome and comfort, over and over,
My sorrowing lover."

X

FRITHIOF AT SEA

Now, King Helge stood
In fury on the strand,
And in embittered mood
Adjured the Storm-fiend's band.

Gloomy is the heaven growing,
Through desert skies the thunders roar,
In the deep the billows brewing
Cream with foam the surface o'er.
Lightnings cleave the storm-cloud, seeming
Blood-red gashes in its side;
And all the sea-birds, wildly screaming,
Fly the terrors of the tide.

"Storm is coming, comrades,
Its angry wings I hear
Flapping in the distance,
But fearless we may be.
Sit tranquil in the grove,
And fondly think on me,
Lovely in thy sorrow,
Beauteous Ingeborg."

. . .

Now two storm-fiends came
Against Ellida's side;
One was wind-cold Ham,
One was snowy Heyd.

Loose set they the tempest's pinions,
Down diving in ocean deep,
Billows, from unseen dominions,
To the god's abode they sweep.
All the powers of frightful death,
Astride upon the rapid wave,
Rise from the foaming depths beneath,
The bottomless, unfathomed grave.

"Fairer was our journey
Beneath the shining moon,
Over the mirrory ocean
To Balder's sacred grove.
Warmer far than here
Was Ingborg's loving heart;
Whiter than the sea-foam
Heaved her gentle breast."

. . .

Now Solundar-oe
Ariseth from the foam;
Calmer the sea doth grow
As near the port they come.

But for safety valiant Viking
Will not readily delay,
At the helm he stands, delighting
In the tempest's stormy play.
Now the sheets more close belaying,
Swifter through the surge he cleaves;
Westward, further westward flying
Lightly o'er the rapid waves.

"Yet longer do I find it sweet
To battle with the breeze,
Thunderstorm and Northman meet,
Exulting on the seas.
For shame might Ingborg blush,
If her osprey flew,
Frightened by a storm-stroke,
Heavy-winged to land."

. . .

Now ocean fierce battles,
The wave-troughs deeper grow,
The whistling cordage rattles,
The planks creak loud below.

But though higher waves appearing
Seem like mountains to engage,
Brave Ellida, never fearing,
Mocks the angry ocean's rage.
Like a meteor, flashing brightness,
Darts she forth, with dauntless breast,
Bounding, with a roebuck's lightness,
Over trough and over crest.

"Sweeter were the kisses
Of Ingborg, in the grove,
Than here to taste in tempest
High-sprinkled, briny foam.
Better the royal daughter
Of Bele to embrace,
Than here, in anxious labor,
The tiller fast to hold."

. . .

Whirling cold and fast,
Snow-wreaths fill the sail;
Over deck and mast
Patters heavy hail.

The very stem they see no more,
So thick is darkness spread;
As gloom and horror hover o'er
The chamber of the dead.
Still to sink the sailor dashes
Implacable each angry wave;
Gray, as if bestrewn with ashes,
Yawns the endless, awful grave.

"For us, in bed of ocean,
Azure pillows Ran prepares;
On thy pillow, Ingeborg,
Thou thinkest upon me.
Higher ply, my comrades,
Ellida's sturdy oars;
Good ship, heaven-fashioned,
Bear us on an hour."

. . .

O'er the side apace
Now a sea hath leapt;
In an instant's space
Clear the deck is swept.

From his arm now Frithiof hastens
To draw his ring, three marks in weight;
Like the morning sun it glistens,
The golden gift of Bele great.

With his sword in pieces cutting
The famous work of pigmies' art
Shares he quickly, none forgetting,
Unto every man a part.

"Gold is good possession
When one goes a-wooing;
Let none go empty handed
Down to azure Ran.
Icy are her kisses,
Fickle her embraces;
But we 'll charm the sea-bride
With our ruddy gold."

. . .

Fiercer than at first,
Again the storm attacks,
And the sails are burst,
And the rudder cracks.

O'er the ship half buried tearing,
Now the waves an entrance gain,
At the pumps the crew, despairing,
Fail to drive them forth again.
Frithiof now no longer doubteth
That he Death had got on board,
Still above the storm he shouteth,
Dauntless, with commanding word.

"Björn, come to the rudder,
Hold it tight as bear's hug;
Valhall's power sendeth
No such storm as this.

Now at work is magic:
Coward Helge singeth
Spells above the ocean:
I will mount to see."

. . .

Like as martins fly,
Sped he up the mast,
And thence, seated high,
A glance around he cast.

A whale before Ellida gliding,
Like a loose island, seeth he,
And two base ocean demons riding,
Upon his back, the stormy sea.
Heyd, in snow-garb shining brightly,
In semblance of an icy bear;
Ham, his loud wings flapping widely,
Like a storm-bird high in air.

"Now, Ellida, let us see
If in truth thou bearest
Valor in thine iron-fastened
Breast of bended oak.
Hearken to my calling
If thou be heaven's daughter,
Up! and with thy keel of copper
Sting this magic whale."

. . .

Now heed Ellida giveth
Unto her lord's behest:
With a bound she cleaveth
Deep the monster's breast.

Forth a stream of blood hath bounded,
Spouting upwards to the sky,
Diving down, the brute, deep-wounded,
Sinketh, bellowing, to die.
Together now two darts are cast,
Flung by Frithiof's arm so fierce:
Through the ice-bear one hath passed,
One the storm-bird's breast doth pierce.

"Well stricken, brave Ellida:
Not soon again, I wager,
Shall Helge's magic vessel
Rise on the gory wave.
Heyd and Ham no longer
Now bewitch the ocean;
Full bitter is the biting
Of the purple steel."

. . .

At once the storm-wind, leaving
The ocean calm and clear,
Still wafteth on its heaving
The ship to islands near.

And, all at once, the sun appearing,
Like a monarch in his hall,
New life and new delights seems bearing
To ship and wave, to hill and vale;
His silent radiance crowneth high
The lofty cliff, the forest's bound:
And all rejoicingly descry
The grassy shores of Efjesund.

"Pale Ingeborg's entreaties
Have risen to Valhalla,—
Her knees my lily bended
Before the golden shrine.
The tears in her eyes so lovely,
The sighs of her swan-like bosom,
Have touched the hearts of immortals:
Now let us give them thanks."

. . .

But Ellida's prow
Hath stricken with such force,
That slow she crawleth now,
A-weary of her course.

Weary too with dangerous sailing
Now are Frithiof's comrades bold,
E'en the swords they lean on, failing
Feeble forms erect to hold.
On sturdy shoulders Björn doth ferry
Four from Ellida to the land;
But mighty Frithiof eight doth carry
Down to the fire upon the strand.

"Blush not, pale companions,
Waves are sturdy Vikings,
And bitter 't is to battle
With the ocean maids.
See, the mead-horn cometh,
On feet of gold it circleth;
Our limbs benumb'd we 'll warm again
With skål for Ingeborg."

XI

FRITHIOF WITH ANGANTYR

Now also ye the tale shall hear
How, with his vassals all,
Drank joyfully Yarl Angantyr
In the fir-wood fashioned hall.
In mirth and gladness sitting, he
The blue waves looked upon,
As down the sun sank in the sea,
Like to a golden swan.

In the deep bow of the window wide
Old Halvar, keeping ward,
With one eye viewed the spreading tide,
With one his mead did guard.
A habit strange the old man had—
He 'd ever empty the cup,
And into the hall, with gesture sad,
For more would hold it up.

But now he cries, as the empty horn
Into the hall he throws,
"A ship upon the sea is borne,
Full heavily she goes;
Now seemeth she to tarry,
Now reacheth she the land;
Two mighty giants carry
The pale crew to the land."

O'er ocean's wide dominions
The Yarl now looketh he;

"Those are Ellida's pinions,
That, too, must Frithiof be:
By such a proud appearing
Must Thorsten's son be known;
In all the North such bearing
Belongs to him alone."

Forth from the board, in furious mood,
Doth Viking Atle rise,
Black-bearded Berserk, craving blood,
Rage flashing from his eyes:
"Now, now," he cries, "my hand shall show
If Frithiof, as they say,
A spell o'er steel itself can throw,
And ne'er for quarter pray."

With him sprung up twelve comrades there,
Twelve comrades from the board;
They wield the club, they cleave the air
With fiercely brandished sword.
They rush down to the level strand,
Where rests the ship at length,
And Frithiof sitteth on the sand,
Bespeaking might and strength.

"With ease my sword should fell thee now,"
Doth boastful Atle cry,
"But that the choice I still allow
To combat or to fly.
Yet if thou 'lt sue for peace from me
(Though cruel name I bear),

Then, as a friend, I 'll go with thee
To noble Angantyr."

"My journey's toil hath left me weak,"
Quoth Frithiof, fury-stirred;
"Yet, ere a craven peace I seek,
I 'll prove thy mighty sword."
Flashes the steel with lightnings, flung
From nervous, sunburnt hand;
Each Rune on Angurvadel's tongue
In burning flame doth stand.

The clashing weapons, showering, strike
A hail of death-strokes round;
The shattered shields of both alike
Fall shivering to the ground.
Their comrades brave stand firm and fast,
And none his place forsakes;
Keen Angurvadel bites at last;
The blade of Atle breaks.

"'Gainst swordless man," bold Frithiof cried,
"My sword I never use;
But let us try another fight,
If other fight thou choose."
Like floods, in autumn meeting,
Each rusheth on his foe;
Breastplate on breastplate beating,
As they wrestle for the throw.

They wrestle like an angry pair
Of bears upon the snow;

Like eagles, struggling high in air,
Above the ocean's flow.
Have tottered from their ancient place
Full many a massive rock,
And many an oak, of sturdy race,
At far a slighter shock.

From heavy brows the sweat drops down,
Their breath comes cold and hard;
They scatter far each shrub and stone
Around them on the sward.
To see the end in fear delays
Each troop upon the strand;
Wide was that fight, in ancient days,
Renown'd throughout the land.

But Frithiof felled his foe at last,
And bore him to the earth,
And knelt upon his heaving breast,
And spoke in tones of wrath:—
"Oh! had I but my broadsword true,
Black-bearded Berserk, I
Should drive its point triumphant through
Your entrails, as you lie."

"Be that but little cause for care,"
Was Atle's firm reply;
"Go fetch thy mighty weapon there,
And no escape I'll try;
We both must pass from earth away,
Valhalla's joys to see;

And if I wander there to-day,
To-morrow may fetch thee."

Now, noble Frithiof, widely praised,
The strife to finish thought,
Keen Angurvadel high he raised,
But Atle trembled not.
This touched his mighty victor's soul,
And laid his anger low;
He checked the stroke, with glad control,
And raised his fallen foe.

Then loud the agéd Halvar cried,
His white staff raising forth,
"Through this your strife ye have supplied
But little cause for mirth.
Long since the silver dishes high
Send forth their steaming breath,
And fish and flesh grow cold, whilst I
Am thirsting unto death."

Now reconciled, the warriors bold
Pass through the open door,
And much did Frithiof there behold
He ne'er had seen before.
No rough-hewn planks here cover
The naked walls so wide;
But leather, gilded over,
With flowers and berries bright.

Not on the centre pavement glowed
The fire, with merry glare,

But close by every wall there stood
A stove of marble fair.
No smoke within the chamber stay'd;
The walls no dampness bore;
Frames filled with glass the windows had,
And a lock was on the door.

All filled with light, the branches fair
Spread out their silver boughs;
No more the crackling pine-torch glare
Illumined the carouse.
Cooked whole, a stag, with larded breast,
Adorned the table round;
Its horns leaf-decked, its gilt hoof raised,
As if about to bound.

There stood a damsel, lily-fair,
To each rough comrade nigh;
As beameth forth a glittering star
Throughout a stormy sky.
Their tresses brown luxuriant flowed;
Bright shone their eyes of blue;
Their little lips like roses glowed,
Grown ripe in summer's dew.

High sate upon his silver throne
The Yarl, in splendor bold;
Bright as the sun his helmet shone,
His breastplate blazed with gold;
With stars embroider'd, bright did gleam
His mantle, rich and fine;

And every purple-glowing seam
Did spotless ermine line.

Forth from the board three paces
He goes to meet his guest;
He takes his hand, and places
Him at his side to rest:—
"Since here full many a creaming horn
With Thorsten emptied we,
His son, whose fame so far is borne,
Shall not sit far from me."

The great Angantyr fills the cup
With wine of Sicily,
Like flashing flame it sparkles up
All foaming, like the sea.
"Right welcome be thou to my hall
In ancient friendship's name;
The mighty Thorsten's skål we all
Shall drink with loud acclaim."

A hoary bard, from Morven's heights,
Accords the tuneful lyre,
And loud, in glowing tones, recites
A hero-song of fire;
But in the old Norräna tongue,
The speech of ancient days,
The hero Thorsten's fame was sung,
And all the song did praise.

Then much to hear the Yarl did crave,
Of his kindred in the North;

And prudent Frithiof clearly gave
The wisest answers forth.
And everything he truly tells,
Gives each his proper fame,
Like Saga, goddess bright, who dwells
In the shrine of holy Time.

And now doth Frithiof rehearse
His voyage, lately done;
How magic's power, and Helge's curse,
By him had been o'erthrown.
The vassals shout in joyous strain,
Loud laughs bold Angantyr,
And Frithiof greater glory gains
As higher rose the cheer.

But when of Ingborg, dear and fair,
The tale doth reach their ears,
So noble in her grief and care,
So lovely in her tears;
Deep sighs escape from laboring breast,
On fair cheeks blushes stand,
By every maiden fond is pressed
Her faithful lover's hand.

And now, his mission to complete,
Doth Frithiof bold prepare,
Angantyr stirred not from his seat
But gave him hearing fair.
Then answered:—"I no homage do;
I and my race are free;

King Bele's skål we drink, 't is true,
But he never governed me.

"His heirs, indeed, I never knew;
If tribute they demand,
Then let them sue as men should do,
Insisting sword in hand.
Then on the shore my sword shall shine;
But Thorsten held I dear."
And with his hand he gives a sign
To his daughter sitting near.

Up sprung the lovely Flower-charm
Forth from her gilded chair;
How slender was her little form,
How round her bust so fair.
In dimple deep was throned the sprite
Astrild, in roguish glee,
As sits the butterfly so bright
In the rose delightingly.

To the women's chambers hasting,
She soon, with purse of green,
Returned, on which were rivers
Through woods, embroidered seen.
And there displayed, the calm moonlight
Seemed ocean to behold;
The clasp was made of rubies bright;
The tassels were of gold.

The maiden laid the purse so fair
In her great father's hands,

Up to the brim he filled it there
With gold from foreign lands:—
"This gift of welcome take, O guest,
To do as thou may'st will:
But for the winter stay and rest
With us in friendship still.

"Though valor never should be scorned,
Yet now the storm rules wide;
By now again to life returned,
I 'll wager Ham and Heyd.
Ellida may not always leap
So luckily again;
And whales are plenty in the deep,
Though one she may have slain."

And so in merry mood they stay'd
Till morning's sun did rise:
The oft-drained golden goblets made
Them glad, but not unwise.
With skål to Angantyr, at last,
The horn they loudly drain:
So, safely housed, till winter passed,
Did Frithiof remain.

XII

FRITHIOF'S RETURN

Spring breathes again in ether blue,
In green the earth is clad anew;
Then Frithiof thanketh his host: again
He mounteth up on the heaving main;
And gaily his sable swan doth make
On her glassy course a silvery wake.
For the western winds, with the voice of Spring,
Like nightingales in his bright sails sing;
And the blue-veiled daughters of Ægir speed
His flight as they dance o'er the glittering mead.
Oh! it is sweet when from distant strand
The sails swell back to that native land,
Where the smoke from one's own loved hearth appears,
And thoughts awaken of childhood's years,—
Where play-grounds are mirrored in tranquil waves,
Where forefathers lie in their grassy graves;
And the faithful maiden, longingly
Standing on lofty rocks, watcheth the sea.

Six days he sailed, and the seventh shows
A dark-brown stripe, which larger grows,
And 'gainst the edge of heaven doth stand,
With cliffs, with isles, and at last with land.
His home, from ocean risen, is seen,
Its forests wide arrayed in green;
He hears the foaming surge's shocks
Break on the marble-breasted rocks;
He greets the bay and the heights above,

And sails close under the holy grove,
Where the past summer, so many a night,
He had sat with his Ingborg in fond delight.
"Appeareth she not, and can she not guess
How near o'er the dark-blue waves I press?
Or doth she, from Balder's temple gone,
Now dwelling at Helge's court alone,
Sorrow by harp, or by golden woof?"

Lo! his falcon now from the temple roof
Arising, as often before he hath done,
To Frithiof's shoulder hath suddenly flown,
Eagerly flapping with snowy wing,—
The bird from his shoulder can nobody bring.
With gilded claw he scratcheth in haste,—
He giveth no peace, he giveth no rest;
To Frithiof's ear he bendeth his beak,
As if some message he sought to speak,
Perchance from Ingborg, the bride so dear,
But the tale he telleth can no man hear.

The last point now doth Ellida pass,
Bounding, as deer bound over the grass,
The well-known waters her keel doth plough,
Glad standeth Frithiof in the prow.
He rubbeth his eyes, and with trembling hand
He shadeth his brow, he scanneth the strand;
But long though he rub them, and far though he see,
Framnäs no more discovereth he.
Naught but the naked chimney there
Standeth, like warriors' bones laid bare;
Where his court-yard had been is desert land,

And ashes whirl round the lonely strand.
In fury down from his ship he hasteth;
A glance on his ruined dwelling casteth,—
His father's dwelling—his childhood's home.

Now Bran, the wiry-haired, doth come,
His dog, who often, as true as bold,
For him the wild bears helped to hold;
Full high he leapeth with many a spring,
In joy his master welcoming.
The milk-white steed, with the golden mane,
With stag-swift hoofs, and with lengthy rein,
Which Frithiof so oft had ridden around,
Speeds through the valley with eager bound,
And, neighing gladly, archeth his neck,
And bread from his master's hand doth seek.
But Frithiof, poorer than the pair,
Hath naught with the faithful brutes to share.
Houseless and sad, on his father's ground,
Now Frithiof standeth, gazing round;
Until of Hilding he is 'ware,
His foster-sire, with silvery hair:—
"At what I see I scarce can wonder,
When the eagle flieth, the nest they plunder.
Is this the way that a king should guard?—
Well holdeth Helge his royal word;
For heavenly dread, and human hate,
And plundering flames, are his Eriksgate:
Yet this brings rather rage than care:
But tell me where is Ingborg, where?"
"The tale I 'll tell thee," the old man said;
"Though I fear thou 'lt find it but little glad.

Scarce wast thou gone when Ring drew near:
Five shields to one his warriors were.
In Disar's vale by the brook they fought:
With blood-red foam were its waters fraught.
King Halfdan, unchanging, laughed and played,
Yet wielded, like a man, his blade;
Before the youth I held my shield,
And was proud of his well-fought maiden field.
Yet soon gave way our weakened host;
King Helge fled, and then all was lost.
The Asen-born, as they swiftly fled,
Passing, in flames thy dwelling set.
No choice to the vanquished Ring would leave:
Their sister they to him should give;
Naught should appease him save her hand:
Refused, he 'd seize both their crown and land.
Backwards and forwards the messengers hied;
And now King Ring hath led home his bride."

"O woman, woman," Frithiof said,
"The earliest thought that Loke had
Was to frame a lie, and he sent it forth
In woman's form to man on earth.
With false blue eye, and with faithless tear,
Deceiving ever, yet ever dear;
With rosy cheeks, and with bosom fair,
Thy faith like spring-ice, thy truth like air,
Thine heart but echoing with deceit,
And treachery set in thy lips so sweet.
O Ingborg, darling of my heart,
How dear thou hast been, and how dear thou art!
Far as I back my thoughts can guide,

I've known no joy but by thy side;
In every act and in every thought,
Thou wast the highest prize I sought.
As trees from earth together grown,
If Thor with lightning smite the one,
The other fades: if one grows green,
The other shares its leafy sheen:
So joy and care we've shared and known:
I never felt myself alone.
Now I am lonely;—thou lofty Var,
Who, with thy golden tablets, far
Dost watch each mortal vow t' enrol,
Cease thy vain labor; burn thy scroll:
But lies to chronicle they serve,
And better fate doth gold deserve.
Of Balder's Nanna truth is told,—
No truth can heart of mortal hold;
Man's breast is filled with falsehood through,
Since Ingborg's voice could prove untrue;
That voice, like wind caressing flowers,
Or strain from Brage's harp that showers,—
The joyous harp no more I'll hear,—
I'll think no more of my faithless fair.
Where storm-winds sport I'll make my pillow;
Blood shalt thou quaff, thou ocean-billow.
Where'er a sword grave-seeds can sow,
O'er hill or dale, my joy shall grow;
And meet I a crown'd king anywhere,
I'll laugh to see how his life I'll spare.
But should I find, where shields clash loud,
Some love-sick youth amongst the crowd,

Who joy in maiden's vows can take,
I'll hew him down for mercy's sake;
And spare him the grief one day to be
Forsaken, disgraced, and betray'd like me."

"How fiercely boileth youthful blood!"
The aged Hilding said: "'T were good
That snows of eld should cool its heat.—
Much wrongest thou the noble maid:
My foster-daughter cease to chide,
But blame what none can turn aside,—
The rage of the Nornes, whose weapons smite
The sons of earth from the stormy height.
True! Ingborg's sorrowing few men heard.
Like silent Vidar, she spake no word:
But she grieved and pined, as in southern shade
The love-lorn turtle-dove mourns its mate.
With me alone her grief she would share,
To me her measureless woe declare.
As with stricken breast the sea-mew diveth
To deepest ocean, and only striveth
To hide her wound from the sight of day,
And deep-laid, bleedeth her life away:
So in silence deep sank her sorrow down:
To me only the grief that she bore is known.

"'For Bele's kingdom,' full oft she said,
'A sacrifice must I be made;
And garlands of snowdrops and evergreen
Shall deck the land's peace-offering.
Oh! I could die, but 't were fate too mild,

By naught will Balder be reconciled
Save a living death of lingering pain,
With a beating heart, and a throbbing brain.
But to none of my sorrow, I charge thee, speak;
My fate may be hard, yet no pity I seek;
King Bele's daughter her doom will bear—
Yet greet from his Ingborg my Frithiof dear.'

"On the morn of the bridal (ah! sad-fated day,
From my runestaff, oh! would I could score it away),
To the temple passed the slow-pacing train
Of white-cladden maidens, and sword-bearing men.
By the sorrowing Skald the troop was led;
The bride sate pale on a coal-black steed,
Pale as the spirit that sitteth upon
The thunder-rack dark, when the storm rageth on.
From the saddle I lifted the fair lily down;
To the temple threshold I led her on;
By the altar standing she uttered there
Her vow to Lofn, and her voice was clear;
And she prayed to Balder fervently,
And all wept tears, but no tear wept she.
Of thy ring which she wore then was Helge 'ware,
And he tore it with force from her arm so fair;
And the image of Balder he decked with the gold.
My fury no longer could I withhold;
My trusty sword from my side I drew forth,
And King Helge's life was then little worth.
But Ingeborg whispered me—'Let things be;
Such pang might a brother have spared to me;
But much must be borne ere life's sorrows be past,
Between us Allfader will judge at the last.'"

Quoth Frithiof: "Allfader judgeth, 't is true,
But a share of judgment I 'll utter too:
Is not to-night Balder's midsummer feast?
I 'll find in the temple that crown-wearing priest,—
That fire-raising king, who his sister could sell,
And my share of judgment shall please me well."

XIII

BALDER'S BALE-FIRE

Midnight sun on the mountains lay
Blood-red to the sight;
The air was filled with vapor gray
Neither of day nor of night.

And Balder's pile, of the glowing sun
A symbol true, blazed forth;
But soon its splendor sinketh down
When Höder rules the earth.

And round about the priests stood there,
All busied with the brands,
Pale-faced seers, with hoary hair,
And flint-stone knives in horny hands.

Serving by the altar, crown'd,
King Helge standeth near.
At midnight, hark! thro' the grove around
The clash of arms they hear.

"Björn, the portals guard, and so
We 'll captive take them all;
In or out let no man go,
Sooner cleave his skull."

Pale the King grew; all too well
He knew the voice for doubting:
In stalked Frithiof, furious, fell,
Like autumn tempest shouting:

"Here 's the tribute; at thy desire
I 've fetched it o'er the sea;
Take it! and battle by Balder's fire
For life and death with me.

"Shields on our backs, arms bare and free,
Lest tame our strife be reckoned;
Be the first stroke, as a King, to thee,
Remember, I have the second.

"Glance not, craven, at the door;
In cover I 've trapped the fox:
Think upon Framnäs — think, still more,
On Ingborg's golden locks."

So valiant Frithiof spake with scorn,
And carelessly did fling
The purse, from off his girdle torn,
At the forehead of the King.

Blood from out his lips there oozed,
Gloom took his sight away;
By his altar, stunned and bruis'd,
The god-descended lay.

"Thine own red gold canst thou not bear,
Basest of Northmen, now?
Then, shame for Angurvadel 't were
To fell such dross as thou.

"Avaunt, ye priests, with your altar knives,
Pale moonshine princes curst,

Or little I 'll reck to take your lives
To quench my good sword's thirst.

"O! Balder bright, forgive the harm;
Thine angry glances spare;
Yon ring of gold upon thine arm
Is naught but stolen ware.

"Never for thee, be it boldly said,
'T was forged by the great Valunder:
'T was torn by a thief from a mourning maid,—
Away with his graceless plunder."

Boldly dragged he, but arm and ring
Seemed to be grown the same,
Till, coming loose, the force doth fling
The god into the flame.

Hark! it crackles, the golden blaze
Reacheth the roof-tree fast,
Björn, pale as death, at the portal stays,
Frithiof stands aghast.

"Let all men out, cast wide the door,
Thy watch no longer heed;
The temple flames, pour water,—pour
The ocean-tide with speed."

Down from the temple to the strand
They knit a chain of hands,
The billows flow on from hand to hand
And hiss upon the brands.

Like the god of rain doth Frithiof stand
High over beams and water,
And calmly gives each loud command
Midst flaming death's disorder.

In vain! the flames gain the upper hand,
In smoke-wreaths rolled and swelled.
The gold drops into the glowing sand,
The plates of silver melt.

Now all is lost! From the half-burnt hall
His flight a red cock wingeth,
And he percheth high on the gable tall,
And there wing-flapping clingeth.

The morning wind from the north hath hied,
Far through the heavens blowing:
Balder's grove is summer-dried,
The flame is greedy and growing.

Fiercely it speedeth from tree to tree,
A wide possession claiming:
Ha! what a fierce wild sight to see
Great Balder's mighty flaming.

Down in each cleft root it crackleth still,
High in each summit gloweth;
'Gainst Muspel's ruddy sons, what skill
Of man a barrier knoweth?

A sea of flame fills Balder's ground,
Strandless its billows stream;

The sun mounts up, but fiord and sound
  Mirror forth naught but flame.

In ashes lies the temple's pride,
  The grove to ashes burneth,
And wretched Frithiof turns aside,
  Through morning's hours he mourneth.

XIV

FRITHIOF GOETH INTO BANISHMENT

On deck, by light
Of summer night,
Sat Frithiof grieving;
Like ocean heaving,
His bosom sad
With awe and dread;
Thick smoke still climbing
From the temple's flaming.

"To Valhall' fly
Through lofty sky,
Ye smoke-wreaths, seeking
Balder, bespeaking
His rage, just meed
To me decreed;
Dread tidings giving
To echoing heaven
Of the temple bound
Razed to the ground;
Of the image famed,
Which, falling, flamed,
And, charred away,
Like fire-wood lay.
Of the grove telling
(Religion's dwelling,
Where never sword
In strife was heard)
In ruins buried
By flames unwearied.

All that hath been,
All thou hast seen,
No jot forgetting,
Speed thou relating,
Envoy of cloud,
To the cloudy god.

"Mild Helge's glory
Shall live in story,
Not with his hand
Forth from the land
Me doth he banish;
I yield, I vanish
O'er realms more wide
Of the azure tide.
Thou must not tarry,
Far must thou hurry,
Ellida, forth
To the ends of earth;
Fed in thy roaming
By ocean's foaming,
My dragon good,
A drop of blood
Can harm thee never;
Speed thou on ever.
Where tempests roam
Thou art my home,
The Asen-brother
Consumed the other.
Far must I wend
From fatherland;

Be thou my North,
My foster-earth;
Be thou my pride,
Thou dark-robed bride;
False was my other
Bride to her lover.

"Free flowing sea!
No trouble to thee
Is monarch's grieving,
Or king's deceiving.
He only can be
King over thee
Who never feareth,
Though lofty reareth
Thy foaming breast
Its billows tost.
Thine azure furrows
Are tilled by heroes:
Through them like plough
The keel doth go.
'Neath oak's wide shadow
Blood dews the meadow.
Sown is death's seed
From bright steel shed.
Who ocean reapeth,
Thence glory keepeth,—
Gold cometh too;
To me be true,
Thou stormy billow;
And I will follow.

My father's grave
Stands still and safe;
Calm waters mirror
His grass-green pillow.
Blue shall mine be,
In the foaming sea;
Sturdily floating,
Midst tempests shouting,
Till I sink to sleep
In the boundless deep.
My life art thou, ocean,
My home, my possession:
And shalt be my grave,
Free flowing wave."

So spake he madly,
As piloting sadly
His vessel, he bore
Forth from the shore;
And coasted slowly
The headlands holy,
Which still stand forth,
Guarding the North.
But vengeance waketh:
With ten ships seeketh
King Helge wight
To check his flight.
Then shouted they all,
"Now Helge will fall:
He offereth strife,
Nor careth for life
Here 'neath the moon.

This Valhall's son
Doth long to rise
To native skies;
And, kin to the gods,
Seeketh Odin's abode."

Scarce was this said,
When Helgè's fleet,
By unseen power,
Sank lower and lower;
Still sinking on,
Till settled down
Midst Rana's dead.
Swimming, in dread,
Doth Helge reach
Alone the beach.

Björn, loud laughed he,
And quoth merrily:
"Thou of Odin's blood,
My craft was good;
When none was nigh,
Thy ships bored I
Last night with speed,
A worthy deed!
May Rana keep
Them in the deep,
As is her wont:
I but lament
That from the wave
Thou shouldst be safe."

On rocky shore,
His peril o'er,
King Helge stood
In wrathful mood:
His bow, ere long
Of steel, he strung,
And scarcely knew
How far he drew,
Till with a twang
In twain it sprang.

But Frithiof stayed
His lance, and said:
"Thy death-bird here
Enchained I bear:
O coward king,
If I freed its wing,
Low shouldst thou lie
For thy villany.
Yet ease thy fears:
My lance ne'er cares
For cowards' blood;
She 's far too good
For such base uses;
And rather chooses
Her sign to grave
On tombs of the brave,
Than on pillars of shame,
Where is branded thy name.—
Thy fame on sea
Is lost to thee;
And e'en on earth

'T is little worth.
Rust snapped thy bow,
Not strength, I trow;
At nobler game
Than thee I aim,—
'T were shame to me
To slaughter thee."

Then bent he o'er
The sturdy oar,
Once pine-tree tall
In Gudbrand's vale.
He grasped its fellow,
And o'er the billow
He rowed with speed;
Like bending reed,
Or broadsword's tongue,
The stout oars sprung.

Up rose the sun,
On the cliffs he shone;
And the breeze, speeding
From shore, seemed bidding
Each wave to dance
In morning's glance.
O'er the billow's crest
Ellida pressed
Merry and glad;
But Frithiof said:

"Crest of creation,
Thou noble North,

I have no place on
Thy well-loved earth;
From thee forever
My sail must swell;
Thou nurse of valor,
Farewell, farewell.

"Farewell, thou brightest
Valhalla-throne;
Thou, gloom that lightest,
Midsummer sun!
Thou sky, unclouded,
Where heroes dwell,
Where bright stars wander,
Farewell, farewell.

"Ye mighty cliffs,
Famed evermore,
Rune-written temples
Of terrible Thor:
Each azure sea,
That I've known so well,
Each isle and bay,
Farewell, farewell.

"Farewell, ye graves
By the ocean's foam,
Where the linden-tree waves
Down its snowy bloom,
(But Saga judgeth,
And judgeth well

What earth concealeth)
Farewell, farewell!

"Farewell, each grove,
And each grassy nook,
Where I loved to lie
By the rippling brook.
Friends of my youth,
I loved you well;
But we part forever,
Farewell, farewell!

"With fondness spurned,
With honor stained,
With dwelling burned,
And banishment:
From land I part
O'er ocean's swell—
Ah! joy of heart,
Farewell, farewell!"

XV

VIKINGABALK

Now wide swept he round on the wilderness deep; he sped
far, like the prey-seeking hawk,
For his comrades on board he wrote counsel and law; wilt
thou hear now his Vikingabalk?

"Make no tent upon deck, sleep not under a roof, within
doors a foe may surprise:
On his shield Viking sleepeth, his sword in his hand, and
maketh his tent of the skies.

"Short shaft hath the hammer of conquering Thor; a sword
but an ell long hath Frey;
'T is enough, for thy sword can be never too short, hast
thou heart to thy foe to come nigh.

"When the storms rage with might, hoist the sail to its height,
then are merry the storm-ridden waves;
Speed along! speed along! and sink sooner than strike,
for they who would strike are but slaves!

"Shelter woman on land; keep her far from your bark, she 'd
deceive, ay, though Freya she were:
For her dimple so deep is a pitfall untrue, and a net is her
wide-waving hair.

"Wine is Valfader's drink, and carouse is allowed, if thou
drainest uninjured the can;
If thou fallest on land, thou may'st rise, but fall here, and
thou sinkest to sleep-giving Ran.

"When a merchant sails by, spare his ship; by the weak let a tribute for safety be told;
Thou art king on thy waves, he a slave to his gain, and thy steel is as good as his gold.

"By the die and the lot all your prizes divide; how they fall, to complain never care;
Your sea-king himself casteth never a lot, keepeth only his fame as his share.

"Comes a Vikinga-ship, and we board it and fight, when the strife waxeth hot 'neath each shield,
If thou yield but a pace, thou art parted from us; 't is our law, and so do as thou wilt.

"Hast thou conquered? Give grace, he 's no longer a foe, who defenceless for mercy doth pray;
Pale Prayer is Valhalla's child; yield to its voice; he is worthless who then sayeth Nay.

"Scars are gain to a Viking; a man they adorn, if on brow or on bosom they stand;
Let them bleed on unbound until evening be come; if not, thou must part from our band."

So wrote he his law, and his fame day by day to far-lying borders was brought;
His like never sped o'er the blue heaving sea, and his comrades full lustily fought.

But himself by the tiller sat, gloomy of mien, and gazed into ocean, and thought:

"Deep art thou; in thy depths, perhaps, peace may be found,
but above I discover it not.

"If the White One still rage, let him draw forth his blade;
I 'll fall gladly, if so 't is designed;
But he sitteth in heaven, and sendeth down thoughts that
darken forever my mind."

Still, when battle drew near, like an eagle refreshed rose
his spirit in valorous flight,
And clear grew his brow, and high raised he his voice, and
stood forth like the Thunderer bright.

So from conquest to conquest he sped, and from care, in
the ocean he sought for release,
And islands and cliffs passed he southward, and so came
he into the waters of Greece.

As his glance on the groves rising up from the sea, and the
temples, now desolate, fell,
What he felt Freya knew, and the bard too must know;
and ye, lovers, ye know it full well.

"Here should we have dwelt; here the isle, here the grove,
here the temple my sire shadowed forth;
It was hither I prayed my beloved to come; but the cruel
one stayed in the North.

"Doth contentment not dwell in yon valley of bliss, and
peace round those pillars so strong?
Like the whispers of love sounds the murmuring brook, like
a bride-hymn the nightingale's song.

"Where is Ingeborg now? Hath she e'er thought of me,
with her agéd spouse withered and gray?
I ne'er can forget; but to see her once more, my whole life
I 'd give gladly away.

"Three years have sped by since my home I beheld, great
Saga's majestical hall;
Stand forth still 'gainst the heaven her bright cliffs on high?
groweth green still my ancestors' vale?

"On the mound, where my father is laid, did I plant a lin-
den-tree, bloometh it now?
Who hath tended it since? Give it nurture, O Earth, and
thy dew on it, Sky, sprinkle thou.

"Yet why lie I longer on billows afar, for slaughter and
plundering prize?
I have honor enough, and the red-flaming gold, the worth-
less, my soul doth despise.

"The flag on my mast streameth back to the North; to the
North, to my fatherland dear;
I 'll follow the course of the heavenly winds; back again to
my Northland I 'll steer."

XVI

FRITHIOF AND BJÖRN

FRITHIOF

Björn, I am weary of wave and of sea,
Boisterous comrades the billows have proved;
Far in the North the proud headlands beloved
Back, with resistless might, beckon to me.
They are happy from home who have never departed,
Ne'er banished afar from their ancestors' graves!
Too long, alas! all too long broken-hearted,
I've wandered around on the wide-heaving waves.

BJÖRN

Good is the ocean, in vain dost thou chide;
Freedom and gladness thrive best on the seas;
Little they reck of effeminate ease
Loving afar on the billows to ride.
When I grow old, upon land I will house,
And cling in my turn to it, close as the grass;
But now in hot battle and joyous carouse,
On ocean, my swift years untroubled shall pass.

FRITHIOF

Yet now by the ice we are driven to land,
Clasping our keel lie the chilly waves dead;
Nor care I to wait till long winter be sped,
Imprisoned by rocks on the desolate strand.
Once more in the Northland my Yule-tide I'll hold,
And guest to King Ring and my lost bride will be;

Gaze fondly again on those bright locks of gold,
And hear once again that voice dearest to me.

BJÖRN

Good is thy purpose. — By Ring shall be seen
How vengeance of Viking like lightning can gleam:
At midnight the court of the monarch shall flame:
We 'll slaughter the Greybeard, we 'll bear off the Queen.
Or wilt thou treat him in Vikinga-wise,
Hold'st thou him worthy of Holmgang with thee?
Then challenge him forth to contend on the ice,
Whatever thou willest, I ready shall be.

FRITHIOF

Speak not of slaughter, nor think upon war;
In peace to the court of the monarch I 'll wend.
Faultless is he, nor did Ingborg offend,
But the vengeance of angry gods I have to bear.
Now leave of my dear one my heart longs to take,
Since slight hope for me upon earth can remain;
A farewell eternal! when green buds awake
At the breathing of spring, thou shalt see me again.

BJÖRN

Ah! Frithiof, thy folly seems strange to my mind:
What! sorrow and sigh for a false woman's love!
In sooth, upon earth there are women enough!
For the one thou hast lost thou a thousand may'st find.
If thou wilt, e'en a lading of that kind of ware
Shall swiftly from Southland so glowing be brought,
As ruddy as rosebuds, like lambs tame and fair,
We 'll divide them as brothers, or share them by lot.

FRITHIOF

Björn, glad and honest as Frey is thy thought:
Thou art prudent in counsel, and fearless in war;
Well hast thou learnt to know Odin and Thor,
But Freya, the heavenly, knowest thou not.
Shun to think scorn of the holy Queen's power,
Beware, lest the rage of the goddess thou wake;
To gods and to men, soon or late, comes the hour
When her smouldering spark into fierce flame must break.

BJÖRN

Yet go not alone. They make take thee in thrall.

FRITHIOF

Alone go I not, my sword followeth me.

BJÖRN

Remember how Hagbart was hung on a tree.

FRITHIOF

He, who lets any take him, deserveth to fall.

BJÖRN

Oh! brother, fall'st thou, I 'll avenge thee full well:
Over Frithiof's bones the blood-eagle I 'll tear.

FRITHIOF

It needeth not, Björn. For my foeman shall ne'er
Hear a cock crow again when I perish. Farewell.

XVII

FRITHIOF COMETH TO KING RING

King Ring high-throned at banquet sat, mead-quaffing at Yule-tide;
The fair and gentle-visaged Queen sat silent by his side;
Like Spring by Autumn seated, they seemed together there,
In her was seen the Spring-time green, in him the Autumn drear.

And lo! into the hall there came an unknown grey-beard in,
From head to foot enveloped in a wild bear's shaggy skin;
With weak and weary gait upon his heavy staff he leant,
Still all the rest surpassing in stature as he went.

He sat him on the lowly bench that stood beside the door,
That is the poor man's place to-day, as 't was in days of yore;
To mock with sneer and scornful laugh the underlings began,
And pointed with the finger at the rude, uncouth, old man.

Forth flashed the ready fury from the stranger's eyes; in haste,
With a single hand he snatcheth up a courtier by the waist,
And thoughtfully upon his head he turned the frightened youth,
Then all the others held their peace—as we 'd have done, in sooth.

"What means below this uproar — who dares our peace to break?
Come up to me, thou greybeard, and answer when I speak.
What is thy name? — what wilt thou? — and where thy fatherland?"
So spake the angry monarch; calm did the old man stand.

"Full much thou askest me, O King, yet answer will I give:
Trouble thyself not for my name, its master still doth live;
The land of sorrow is my home; my birthright misery;
Last night I lodged with hungry wolves; thence come to-day to thee.

"In days gone by full glad I rode on ocean-dragon free,
And mighty were the wings she had, and merrily sped she;
But now she lieth frozen up and lame upon the sand,
While I myself, grown old and weak, burn salt upon the strand.

"I came to see thy wisdom, by fame so widely borne;
Those yonder mocked me scornfully, and I 'm too old for scorn;
I seized upon a grinning fool, and turned him upside down,
Yet all unharmed he rose again, so, King, no longer frown."

"Not ill-beseeming," quoth the King, "thy bold words are to thee,
And age should all men honor; come, sit thee down by me;
Let 's see thee frank and freely; let thy thick covering fall:
Disguise disturbs enjoyment, and I wish joy to all."

Then straightway from his head the guest let fall the rugged hide,
And in the old man's place they all a noble youth espied;
Down from his lofty forehead, o'er his broad shoulders' might,
Fell down, like waves of molten gold, his locks in splendor bright.

In azure velvet mantle stood he, gorgeously arrayed,
With silver belt, a hand in width, and beasts thereon displayed,
Fiercely their prey pursuing around the hero's waist,
By some laborious master in high-wrought beauty chased.

Around his mighty arm he wore a golden bracelet wide,
Like a flash of bridled lightning hung his war-sword at his side;
A royal, fearless glance around the hall and guests he bore,
And stood, like Balder beauteous, brave and proud as mighty Thor.

Swift to the gentle Queen's pale cheeks the crimson color sped;
So, 'neath the glow of northern lights, wide plains of snow blush red;
And, as twin water-lilies, by sudden storm oppressed,
Flutter above the billows, so heaved her gentle breast.

The horn was blown for silence, come was the votive hour,
To Frey's high feast devoted they carry in the boar:
Its shoulders decked with flowers, its mouth an apple held,
And, with knees beneath it bended, the silver dish it filled.

Then slowly aged Ring raised up his venerable head,
He touched the forehead of the boar, and vowing, thus he said:
"Great Frithiof I will vanquish, whom none can stand before,
So help me, Frey and Odin, and so help me, mighty Thor."

With haughty mien the stranger rose up quickly from his seat,
His countenance all glowing with heroic anger's heat;
He struck his sword upon the board, the hall reëchoing rang,
And up from every oaken seat each startled comrade sprang.

"Now hear thou, too, O King!" he cried, "my vow thus uttered loud,
That Frithiof is akin to me, a worthy friend and good;
And Frithiof I will shelter against all the world arrayed,
So help me first my favoring Norne, and then my trusty blade."

"Thou speakest boldly," smiled the King, "nor only once to-day;
But frank and free each word shall be where I, as King, bear sway.
Fill, consort mine, the horn with wine, and fill it of the best,
This stranger, let us hope, will bide the winter as our guest."

Then took the Queen the horn that on the board before her stood,
(Which Ure's forehead once adorned, a treasure rich and good)

On feet of shining silver, with many a gold ring bound,
Rune-written, and with deeds of ancient days bedecked around.

And as she offered him the horn, all trembling, with averted head,
The goblet shook, some drops ran o'er, and dyed her fingers rosy red;
And as upon the lily leaves the sunset glories seem to stand,
So glowed the drops of purple wine upon the fair one's snowy hand.

With joy from her the stranger took the horn, and raised it high,
Two men (such men as live to-day) could scarce have drunk it dry,
But the mighty guest, deep-quaffing in honor of the Queen,
Drained the full goblet at a draught,—no drop remained within.

Then the bard who sat at the board of royal Ring his harp drew forth,
And a beautiful sorrowful song did sing of true love in the North,—
Of Hagbart and fair Signe: and at the mournful tale,
The hard heart melted in each breast beclad in shining mail.

He sang of the halls of Valhalla, the Einherier's praise sang he,
Of valiant forbears' mighty deeds on continent and sea;

Then every hand its sword-hilt clutched, and bright flashed every eye,
And round and round the oft-filled horn sped ever busily.

Deep drank they, high carousing, at the palace of the King,
And reveller good each proved himself at Yule-tide banqueting;
Then staggered forth to slumber, unmoved by woe or care,
But Ring, the agéd monarch, staid with Ingeborg the fair.

XVIII

THE RIDE OVER THE ICE

King Ring to a banquet with Ingeborg hies;
The ice on the bay like a mirror lies.

"Sledge not over the ice," the stranger cried,
"'T will break, and too deep is the frozen tide."

Quoth Ring,—"Not so easily kings are drowned:
Whoever 's afraid by the shore may go round."

How frowneth the stranger in angry heat!
He bindeth his steel shoes in haste to his feet.

How starteth the stallion forth with might,
Fierily snorting in fierce delight!

"Stride out," Ring crieth, "my charger good,
Let 's see that thou art of Sleipner's blood."

They speed as storms over ocean speed:
The Queen's prayers little King Ring doth heed.

Their steel-shod comrade standeth not still,
He flieth past them as swift as he will.

Many a Rune on the ice cutteth he;
Fair Ingborg's name discovereth she.

So on their glittering course they go,
But Ran, the traitress, lurketh below.

A hole in her silver roof she hath reft,
Down sinketh the sleigh in the yawning cleft.

How pale groweth Ingeborg's cheek with fear!
The guest, like a whirlwind, cometh near:

His skate he hath fixed on the icy field;
The steed by the mane he hath seized and held;

With a single tug he setteth amain
Both steed and sleigh on the ice again.

"Praise to that stroke," quoth Ring, "is due;
Not Frithiof, the mighty, could better do."

Now turn they back to the court again,
Till spring the stranger doth there remain.

XIX

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

Spring-time cometh: wild birds twitter, woods grow leafy, sunshine beams,
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed the liberated streams;
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps forth like blush on Freya's cheek;
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope, within the breast of man awake.

The agéd monarch wills the chase, and with him hies the gentle Queen;
And swarming round in proud array is all the court assembled seen:
Bows are twanging, quivers rattle, eager horse-hoofs paw the clay;
And, with hooded eyes, the falcons scream impatient for their prey.

Lo! the chase's empress cometh! Hapless Frithiof, glance away!
Like a star on spring cloud sitteth she upon her courser gray,
Half like Freya, half like Rota, lovelier than the heavenly pair;
From her slender hat of purple azure plumes float high in air.

Gaze not on her eyes so beauteous, on her golden locks so bright,

Gaze not on her form so slender, on her bosom full and white;
Shun to watch the rose and lily on her soft cheek varying,
Hark not to the voice beloved, breathing like the sighs of spring.

Now the hunter's troop is ready. Hallo! over hill and dale
Horns reëcho; eager falcons climb aloft to Odin's hall:
All the forest beasts affrighted seek their distant lairs in fear;
But with lance outstretched before her, their Valkyria follows near.

Ring the agéd cannot follow as the chase speeds swiftly on,
Sorrowful and silent by him rideth Frithiof alone.
Gloomy, mournful recollections all his soul with anguish tear,
And, wherever he can turn him, hears he echoes of despair.

"Wherefore fled I from the ocean, to mine own destruction blind?
Sorrow thrives not on the billow, far 't is blown by heaven's wind.
If Viking broodeth, danger comes, and bids him to the sprightly dance,
And his gloomy bodings vanish, blinded by his weapon's glance.

"Far otherwise 't is here: for grief unspeakable has thrown
Her dark wings round my forehead; like a dreamer pass I on:

Never can I Balder's grove, or Ingborg's loving oath forget,
Sworn to me.—She never broke it; gods, in fury, cancelled it.

"They, the race of man detesting, jealous view a fondness blest;
My rose-bud sweet they snatched away, and planted it in Winter's breast:
By its bloom can Winter profit? Little knoweth he its price;
While his frosty breathing covers bud, and leaf, and stem with ice."

While thus he sorrowed, they their way into a lonely dell had made,—
Dark and hill-surrounded, overspread with birch and alder shade.
Ring, dismounting, quoth,—"How cool and pleasant doth the grove appear:
Weary am I; let us rest, and for an hour I 'll slumber here."

"Here thou may'st not sleep, O King, for such a slumber bringeth pain,
Up! The ground is hard and cold, full soon I 'll lead thee home again."
"Like other gods," the old man said, "sleep cometh when we hope it least,
And surely to his host my guest will scarce begrudge a little rest?"

Then Frithiof took his mantle off, and spread it out beneath the trees,
And trustfully the old King laid his head upon the young man's knees,
Slept soundly, as upon his shield a warrior after war's alarms,
And softly as an infant sleeps within its mother's loving arms.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird from off a bough:
"Haste thee, Frithiof, slay the Greybeard, end thy sorrows at a blow;
Take the Queen, she 's thine, since once to thee betrothal's kiss she gave;
Here no mortal eye beholds thee; deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens,—hark! now sings a snow-white bird from off a bough:
"Though no mortal eye behold thee, Odin's eye can see thee now:
Coward! would'st thou murder sleep? Shall helpless age by thee be slain?
Such deed, whate'er to thee it bring, can never peace or honor gain."

So the birds sang, both in turn, but Frithiof took his battle-blade,
Shuddering he flung it from him, far into the gloomy shade;

The black bird back to Nastrand flies; but, borne along
on shining wings,
With song as sweet as tuneful harp, the white one up to
sunshine springs.

Straight the old King, waking, quoth, "Much rest did my
short sleep afford;
'T is sweet to slumber in the shade, protected by a brave
man's sword;
But where, oh! stranger, is thy blade, the lightning's
brother, whither sped?
And who hath separated you, so little wont to separate?"

"It matters little," Frithiof said, "for swords are plenty in
the North;
Sharp-tongued is the blade, O King; no word of peace it
speaketh forth:
Within the steel doth evil dwell, a spirit dark from Niffelhem;
Against him sleep no safety hath; gray hairs are but a
snare to him."

"Dissembled was my slumber, youth, to prove thee," agéd
Ring replied;
"The wise should never trust himself to man or sword of
man untried.
Thou art Frithiof; when my hall thou entered'st I knew
thee well:
Old Ring hath long been 'ware of what his guest sought to
conceal.

"Wherefore, thus disguised and nameless, 'neath my roof-
tree didst thou glide?

Wherefore? Was it from the old man's arms to steal away
his bride?
Honor, Frithiof, never sitteth nameless at the banquet
gay;
Frank and open is its visage, and its shield is bright as day.

"The dread alike of gods and men, to me a Frithiof far
was famed;
Shields he cleft; by him insulted, sacred shrines in ruin
flamed;
Soon with fierce array he 'll come, I ever thought, to vex
my land,
And he came,—in beggar's raiment, and a staff was in
his hand.

"Yet, wherefore turn away thy gaze? I, too, have felt
youth's angry strife;
It is the time of Berserk-rage in each man's ever-strug-
gling life:
In clash of arms its course must pass, until appeased its
fierce mood be:
Thy fault in pity I forget, since I have proved and par-
doned thee.

"Thou seest I am agéd grown, and to the grave must soon
decline;
Then take to thee my realm, and take the Queen, for she
is thine.
Meanwhile, remain my son, and dwell within my palace
as before;
Guard me, thou swordless warrior; our ancient strife is
o'er."

"Never," gloomy Frithiof answered, "came I as a thief to thee;
And had I willed to take thy Queen, could any man have hindered me?
I only longed my bride to see but once, alas! but once again,
And, woe is me! the half-quenched flame rekindled I to fiercer pain.

"Too long within thy halls I 've staid, and now no further linger I;
Full heavily upon my head the rage of angry gods doth lie;
For Balder, with the radiant locks, who all mankind besides doth see
With love, detesteth me alone, and me alone rejecteth he.

"'T is true, I caused his shrine to flame, and Varg-i-Veum call they me;
To hear my name the children scream, and gladness from the feast doth flee;
Its offspring lost, my Fatherland with indignation forth doth cast,
And I am peaceless in my home, and peaceless in my mourning breast.

"No more, no more, for peace in vain I'll seek upon the grassy earth;
Beneath my footsteps burns the soil, no shade to me the trees give forth;
My Ingeborg is lost to me, alas! by agéd Ring she's owned;
Life's sun for me is set, and wide is sorrow's darkness spread around.

"And, therefore, to my waves again. Away, away, my dragon good,
Thy sable breast plunge merrily once more into the briny flood;
Spread to the clouds thy pinions bright, the hissing ocean proudly tear,
And fly as far as stars can lead, as swift as conquered waves can bear.

"Let me hear the storm tremendous, let me hear fierce thunder's voice;
When tumultuous din surrounds me, calmly can my breast rejoice.
In clang of shields and hail of arrows be my furious sea-fights passed,
Till glad I fall, and rise, forgiven, to the gods appeased at last."

XX

THE DEATH OF KING RING

With golden mane gleaming,
Skinfaxe more nobly
Draweth the sun from the waves than before;
Morning's bright beaming
Illumineth doubly
The hall of the monarch; then opens the door.

Gloomy and grieving
Frithiof seeketh
The King; pale he sitteth; fair Ingeborg's breast
Like ocean is heaving;
The stranger he speaketh
Words of departure, in trembling expressed:

"The blue billows chafe
My swift-wingéd steed,
My sea-courser longeth to bound from the strand;
He doth pine for the wave,
So forth I must speed,
Forth from dear friends, and away from the land.

"This ring take, thine own again,
Ingborg; there liveth
Holy remembrance within it for thee;
Give it to none again;
Frithiof forgiveth,
But now never more on earth seest thou me.

"Smoke ne'er shall I see
Ever rising again
Forth from the North. Man is only a slave
To what Nornas decree;
The wave-tossing main
Henceforth is my fatherland, shall be my grave.

"Thy bride to the strand,
O Ring, shun to take,
Above all, when the starlight illumines the sky;
For, perchance, on the sand,
By ocean cast back,
The corse of the wandering Viking may lie."

Then quoth the King:
"'Tis bitter to hear
A man thus lament, like a sorrowing maid;
Full long doth Fate sing
Her dirge in my ear;
What matters it? All that is mortal must fade.

"Norna's decreeing,
However it fall,
Strive we, or grieve we, we cannot withstand.
To thee leave I my Queen,
And my power, and all,
So thou guard for my young heir his ancestors' land.

"To many friends spake I
Full oft in the hall,
And golden peace ever loved truly and well;

Yet often, too, brake I
Shields in the vale,
Shields on the wave, and I never grew pale.

"Now will I carve amain
Geirsodd, and, bleeding,
No straw-death, ill-seeming a King, I 'll receive;
Nor is the parting pain
Worth monarch's heeding;
It scarce can be harder to die than to live."

So carveth he sprightly
Letters for Odin,
Into bosom and arm the deep death-runes are pressed;
Shining forth brightly,
Thick blood-drops flowed on,
Trickling through silver hairs over his breast.

"Reach forth the horn;
Loud skål shall arise
Skål to thy glory, thou beautiful North!
Plentiful corn,
And counsellors wise,
And labor in peace for thee sought I on earth.

"Vainly and wildly
In conquest I sought her,
Sought I for peace, who still further did flee;
Now stands she mildly,
The grave's gentle daughter,
At the feet of the gods she is waiting for me.

"Hail, ye deities bright!
Ye Valhalla sons!
Earth fadeth away; to the heavenly feast
Glad trumpets invite
Me, and blessedness crowns,
As fair, as with gold helm, your hastening guest."

So spake he, pressing
The hand of his spouse,
Greeting his sorrowing friend and his son;
And then, his eyes closing,
Ring's spirit arose,
And sped on a sigh up to Allfather's throne.

XXI

RING'S DRAPA

In the grave sitteth
Ring, greatest of monarchs;
Beside him his battle-sword,
Shield on his arm;
His charger, the noble,
Neighing beneath him,
With gilded hoof paweth
The wall of his grave.

Richly now rideth
Ring over Bifrost,
Arched is the bridge
Which to meet him descends;
Wide spring the portals
Of noble Valhalla,
Gods grasp, rejoicing,
The chief by the hand.

Thor is not present,
Far off he warreth;
Valfader beckons,
The beaker is brought;
The crown of the monarch
With corn-ears Frey decketh;
And flowers among them
Doth Frigga entwine.

Bragé, the aged,
Sweepeth the harp-strings,

Sweeter than ever,
The tones of his song.
Vanadis, listening,
O'er the board leaneth;
Glowing, her snowy
Bosom doth heave.

"High sing the clashing
Of sword upon helmet,
Murmuring billows,
Heaving in blood:
And might, the good gift
Of the happy immortals,
Which, keenly as Berserk,
Biteth the shield.

"Therefore, by us was
Ring well-beloved:
His shield ever guarding
Regions of peace.
Whence the loveliest image
Of might unoffending,
Before us, like incense,
Forever arose.

"Words of deep wisdom
Valfader speaketh,
Sitting by Saga,
Söquabäck's maid.
So the words sounded
Of Ring ever clearly,

As Mimer's bright billows,—
Deep, too, as they.

"Peaceful Forsete,
Feud-reconciling,
Ruleth by Urda's
Aye-heaving wave.
So on the Ting-stone
Sat the wise monarch,
Appeasing the rage of
Avengers of blood.

"Ne'er was he niggardly:
Round him he scattered
(From Dragon's bed gathered)
The daylight of dwarfs.
Gifts sped forth gladly
From hand ever open;
And comfort for grief
From his lips ever fell.

"Welcome! thou wise one,
Heir of Valhalla!
Long in the Northland
Liveth thy fame.
Bragé, with greeting,
Draineth the mead-horn
To thee, the Norne's herald
Of peace from the North!"

XXII

THE KING'S ELECTION

To the Ting! the Ting! Budkafle goes
From home to home:
King Ring is dead. A king to choose
The Northmen come.

From idle wall is ta'en the brand
Of purple steel:
Each warrior, with practised hand,
Its edge doth feel.

The little sons behold with joy
Its glitter bright:
Two raise it up, for either boy
Too heavy weight.

The daughter scrubs the helmet clean,
Bright must it glare;
Then blushes red, for she has seen
Her image there.

He taketh, last of all, his shield,—
A sun in blood.
Hail to thee, freeborn warrior, mailed,
Thou yeoman good!

From thy free breast alone can grow
A nation's pride;
In war, thy country's rampart thou;
In peace, its guide.

Assembled round, with warlike cry,
In proof arrayed,
Their weapons clash; the heaven high
Their tent is made.

And Frithiof stands upon the judging-stone,
And with him there
A little child, the late King's only son,
With golden hair.

There passed a murmur through the people far:
"Too young is he
To judge our wrongs, and of our hosts in war
The chief to be."

Up on his shield set Frithiof bold
The child, and cried—
"Here, Northmen, stands your King! Behold
The Northland's pride.

"See how, with Odin's likeness filled,
And fair as he,
He standeth bold, on slippery shield,
As fish in sea.

"With sword and steel will I defend
His realm's renown,
And round the child's young brow will bend
The father's crown.

"Forsete, son of Balder bright,
Record my vow,

And lay me, ere its bond I slight,
In darkness low."

Shield-thronéd sat, with fearless eye,
Ring's royal son,
As eagles' young, from eyrie high,
Gaze on the sun.

But Time's course, to the child's young blood,
Seemed far too slow;
With royal bound, in courage proud,
He sprung below.

Loud rose the shout through all the Ting—
"We Northmen yield;
Rule us, as ruled thy father Ring,
Son of the Shield!

"Be Frithiof regent of thy house
Till grown art thou:
Yarl Frithiof, Ingborg as thy spouse,
We give thee now."

"A King's election," Frithiof cried,
"Is held to-day,
But not a bridal: I my bride
Choose my own way.

"To Balder's grove now must I speed,
For earnest speech
Prepared, my Nornes, full long delayed,
Are waiting each.

"Tidings to those shield-maids by me
There must be told,
Where they, around Time's lofty tree,
Their dwelling hold.

"Still Balder, golden-haired, doth frown
In anger sore;
He took my bride, and he alone
Can her restore."

Then with a kiss saluted he
The new King's brow,
And slowly o'er the heath they see
Him silent go.

XXIII

FRITHIOF BESIDE HIS FATHER'S GRAVE

"Fair shines the sun, and from its rays of glory,
From bough to bough the gentle glitter leaps;
From heaven darts the glance of Odin hoary,
In dew-drops bright, as over ocean's deeps;
Like blood on mighty Balder's altar gory,
In purple all the mountain-tops it steeps.
But soon the earth shall disappear in night,
Soon, 'neath the wave, sink down the shield of light.

"Yet first must I behold each spot so dear,
Through which, a joyous child, so oft I sped;
Round the same spring the self-same flowers appear,
In the same wood the self-same birds are bred.
Still dash the waves upon the cliffs severe,
Oh! happy, had I never o'er them fled,
The same false tale of glory ever telling
That lured me, restless, from my happy dwelling.

"I know thee well, O stream, thy ripples bounded
Full often as my swimming form they bore;
Valley, I know thee, where, with shade surrounded,
A lasting love, unknown to earth, we swore;
Ye birch-trees bright, whose bark so oft I wounded
With deep-graved runes, ye stand forth as before,
Bearing on silvery stems the forest crown:
All is unchanged, except myself alone.

"Is all unchanged? oh! where is Framnäs' hall?
Where Balder's temple on the sacred strand?

All the dear beauty of my native vale,
Marred by the sword, disfigured by the brand,
Of rage of men and wrath of gods, sad tale
To wanderers tells the devastated land.
Ah! pious wanderer, hither shun to rove,
Where beasts have made their dens in Balder's grove.

"Ay, a betrayer stalks through life untiring,
The gloomy Nidhögg from the gloomy waste,
He shuns the Asa-light, the proud aspiring,
Written on flashing sword and dauntless crest.
He maketh us to yield to his desiring,
Dark fiend, he revels in rage unrepressed,
And when a temple flames, delightingly
Clappeth his coal-black hands in furious glee.

"Hath no atonement place in Valhall's hall?
Can naught, bright Balder, soothe thine angry mood?
Men can be pacified whose comrades fall:
The lofty gods we reconcile with blood;
And thou art called the mildest of them all,
Speak, and I offer gladly all my good.
Thy temple's burning Frithiof never willed,
Take this disgrace from his once stainless shield.

"Remove the weighty burden of my woes,
Drive from my soul the ghosts of gloomy thought;
Let life-long grief and sorrow interpose,
To wipe away the guilt a moment wrought.
I should not quail, though Thor were of my foes,
And ghastly Hela fearless should be sought;

But thee, great spirit, shining bright and clear,—
Thee, and the vengeance sent by thee, I fear.

"Here rests my father: if a hero sleeps;
Thither whence none returneth he is gone;
Mead-quaffing in the starry tent, he keeps
Glad revel, joyous in his armor's tone;
Guest of the gods! glance downwards through the deep,
Thine offspring calls thee, Thorsten, Viking's son;
With spells of deep enchantment come not I;
How shall I Balder please? is all my cry.

"Giveth the grave no answer? For a sword,
Angantyr, long-departed, spake not he?
Tirfing was good, yet little worth such word,
I ask for more, no sword contenteth me;
Battle can weapons plentiful afford.
Bring thou, O father, peace from heaven with thee;
Be thou the pleader of my sorrowing prayer;
No noble heart can Balder's anger bear.

"No sound, my father? hark! the ocean sings,
In its sweet voice, oh! speak a word to me,—
The storm-wind flies, hang thee upon its wings,
And whisper to me as its swift gusts flee;
The western sky hangs full of golden rings,
Let one of thy dear counsel herald be.
What! For thy son's despair no sign, no breath?
How poor, my father, is the sleep of death!"

The day sank down, with evening breezes singing
To man their lullaby so soft and mild;

The sunset, rosy-cheeked, its glories flinging
In purple radiance, girt the heavenly shield;
Round azure heights and verdant valleys clinging,
Valhalla's semblance all the circle filled:
When sudden o'er the western billows came
A lovely vision, weft of gold and flame.

O'er Balder's bounds the gentle Hägring hovers,
(For so we call it, though in Valhall bright
More sweetly named), and floating downwards, covers
Green hill and dale in coronet of light,
Spreading around, as far as eye discovers,
Unfancied splendor, wondrous to the sight;
And as at length it down to earth descends,
A temple, on the temple's site, it stands.

Vision of Breidablick! Towards heaven rearing
Their height, the walls with silver seem to vie;
The mighty pillars of dark steel appearing;
A single jewel forms the altar high;
Forth hangs the dome, as if by spirits bearing,
Starry and beauteous, like the winter sky,
And there, in azure garb and golden-crowned,
The gods of Valhall' seem to sit enthroned.

Within the portal stands each noble Norne,
Together bearing Fate's Rune-written shield;
Three roses gathered in a single urn,
Solemn, but wondrous beautiful and mild.
Urd towards the ruined shrine doth silent turn,
Skuld to the vision of the new revealed;

And scarce is wond'ring Frithiof conscious grown,
From glad amaze, ere all again is flown.

"Oh! I have comprehended, maidens fair!
My father, thou hast shown a sign of good:
The ruined temple I again shall rear,
Superb upon the rock where once it stood.
Oh! happy thus, no longer to despair,
Of peaceful deeds atoning insult rude.
Again in hope the outcast wretch may live,
Since Balder bright doth pardon and forgive.

"I hail you, stars, as gently ye arise!
Your silent course again with joy I see.
Hail, northern lights, around the arching skies!
A temple's flames full oft ye've seemed to me;
Grow green, dear grave, again; again arise
Forth from the waves, thou wondrous melody!
Here, slumbering on my shield, I'll dream in peace,
Of man forgiven, and immortal's grace."

XXIV

RECONCILIATION

Completed now was Balder's temple. Round about
Stood not, as once, a willow-pale; of iron wrought,
With golden knob on every rail, was set the fence
Of Balder's grove, and like a steel-clad armament,
With halberts bright and golden helmets, stood it forth,
And sentinelled the sanctuary now renewed.
Of mighty stones enormous was its circuit built,
With wondrous art together joined, a giant work,
For endless ages raised, like Upsal's lofty shrine,—
Where in an earthly form the North Valhalla sees.
Proud stood it on the lofty cliff, and mirrored forth
Its towering summit in the ocean's shining wave;
And far around it, like a splendid belt of bloom,
Spread Balder's valley fair, with all its rustling groves,
With all its songs of joyous birds, a home of peace:
High stood its copper-bolted portals, and within
Two pillars tall upon their mighty shoulder-blades
Upheld the lofty dome, which hung forth beautiful
Above the temple, like a giant shield of gold.
Farther within great Balder's altar stood, out-hewn
From one huge block of northern marble, and around
A sculptured serpent cast its coils, deep-graved with Runes
In wisest words from Vala and from Havamal.
But in the wall above a space was found adorned
With stars of gold upon a ground of blue; and there
The god of Goodness' silver image was, as fair
As silver moonshine throned upon the azure sky,
So seemed the temple. — Now in pairs there entered in

Twelve temple-maidens fair, in silver raiment clad,
With roses blooming on their cheeks, and roses, too,
Within their guileless hearts: before the image dread
They danced around the altar newly consecrate,
As spring-time's breezes dance above the rivulets,
As forest elves dance lightly o'er the tall-grown grass,
While still the morning dew lies glittering around.
And midst their dancing sang they, too, an holy song,
Of Balder, the all-pious; how beloved was he
Of all creation: how by Höder's dart he fell;
How earth, and sea, and sky lamented;—such a song
It seemed as ne'er from out a mortal bosom sprung,
But like a tone from Breidablick, the Bright One's hall;
Like dream of loved one which a lonely maiden dreams,
When in the peace of silent night deep pipes the quail,
And moonlight beameth o'er the birch-woods of the North.—
Delighted Frithiof, leaning on his sword, beheld
The dance; and many a scene of childhood's gladness sped
Before his sense, a merry race and innocent.
With eyes of heavenly blue, and lovely heads, adorned
With curling locks of floating gold, they nodded forth
A loving greeting to the comrade of their youth.
Then like a bloody shadow sank his Viking's life,
With all its battles fierce, its past adventures wild,
Down into darkness, and unto himself he seemed
To stand, a flower-decked Bauta-stone, upon its grave.
And ever as the song swelled high, his spirit rose
From lowly vales of earth on high to Valaskjalf;
And earthly rage and earthly hate were melted down,
As Winter's icy mail from breast of Earth dissolves,

When shines the sun of Spring; a flood of gentle peace,
Of glad delight, his noble bosom overflowed.
It seemed as if the heart of Nature he could feel
To throb with his; as if with gladness he could clasp
The whole Heimskringla in his loving arms, and make
In sight of heaven a holy truce with earth.
Then entered Balder's sacrificing priest the shrine,
Not young and fair as Balder, but a towering form,
With heavenly mildness in his noble countenance,
And downward to his belt his beard of silver flowed.
Then new-felt reverence filled Frithiof's haughty soul;
And lowly bent the eagle-wings upon his helm
Before the sage, who thus in words of friendship spake:

"Son Frithiof, welcome hither: I have watched for thee:
For youthful vigor wanders glad round earth and sea,
Like Berserk pale, who biteth furiously the shield,
But wearily and thoughtful wanders home at last.
Full oft enough to Jotunheim sped mighty Thor;
Yet spite of magic belt, and spite of gloves of steel,
Utgårda-Loke sitteth ever on his throne;
To no might Evil, mighty in itself, will yield.
And profitless is piety unmatched with power,—
'T is like the sunbeam playing over Ægir's breast,—
A changing glow that sinks and swells with every wave
Without a settled depth, unstable, insecure.
But power wanting piety devours itself,
Like buried battle-blade; it is life's wild carouse,
Where o'er the beaker's brim oblivious Haeger soars,
And when the drinker wakes, he blushes for his deed.
All vigor is of earth, from corpse of Ymer sprung;
Forth from its veins the stormy waste of water flows,

And all its sinews are of brazen metal forged.
But void, and desolate, and fruitless, it must lie,
Till Piety, like heavenly sunlight, shines thereon.
Then grass grows green, and spreads a carpet flower-weft;
Then lift the trees their crowns, then gleams the golden fruit,
And man and beast draw life from mother Nature's breast;
So is it, too, with Asker's offspring. Odin hath
Two weights within the balance of each mortal life,
Each counterpoising each, when fairly stands the scale,
And they are named, the Love of Heaven, the Might of Earth.
Full strong is Thor, O youth, when close he clasps around
His mighty loins the magic belt, and strikes amain;
And wise is Odin, when on Urda's silver wave
He gazeth down, and round about his ravens fly,
And bring him tidings up from earth to lofty heaven;
Yet pale grew both, and half was quenched the gleam that decked
Their royal crowns, when Balder, pious Balder, fell;
The clasping link was he in Valhall's wreath of gods.
Then yellow grew the splendor of the tree of Time;
And Nidhögg gnawed upon its root; then loose were set
The powers of agéd Night; the Midgard serpent raised
To heaven its coils envenoméd, and Fenris howled;
From Muspelheim the sword of Surtur lightened forth.
Since then, where'er the eye can turn, the battle fierce
Throughout creation rageth on; in Valhall crows
The cock gold-crested, and the red one crows to war,
On earth and deep beneath the earth. Yet erst was peace,
Not only in the hall of gods, but here on earth:
In breast of men, as well as breast of lofty gods.

For whatsoever happens here hath happened, too,
More wondrously above; and so the life of men
Is but an image slight of Valhall; heaven's light
Reflected down on Saga's rune-engraven shield;
And every heart of man its Balder hath. Thou 'st known a time
When peace within thy bosom dwelt, and gladsome sped
Thy life, in heavenly calm, like dream of sweet-voiced bird,
When winds of summer night rock gently to and fro
His greenwood nest, and bend the heads of slumbering flowers,
Then Balder still was dwelling in thy stainless soul,
Thou Asen-born, thou wandering type of Valhall pure!
For children still doth Balder live, and Hela yields
Her booty back as oft as child of man is born.
But in each heart of man, with Balder, groweth up
His brother, Höder, blind, the child of Night; for Ill,
Like young of bears, is sightless born, and darkness is
His covering, while Balder clothes himself in light.
But ever-busy Loke tempts unceasingly,
Misleads the blind one's murderous hand, and guides the spear
Against the heart of Balder, Valhall's best beloved.
Then Hate awakeneth; for prey Might springeth up;
Like hungry wolf, o'er hill and dale, the greedy sword
Doth prowl, and dragons swim upon the bloody waves;
And shadow-like, of power bereft, doth Piety
By pallid Hela sit, as dead, amongst the dead;
And low in ashes Balder's holy temple lies;
And thus the life of gods above foreshadoweth
The life of men below, and both together are

Allfather's silent thoughts, which never know a change.
What hath been, what shall be, doth Vala's deep song
tell,—
A song at once the lullaby, the dirge of Time.
Therewith in unison, Heimskringla's tale is told,
And thence may each man hear his own heart's history;
And Vala asks of thee,—'Canst understand thine own?'

"Atonement seekest thou.—Oh! know'st thou what
it is?
Gaze in mine eyes, oh! Frithiof, gaze, and turn not pale;
Atonement bears on earth no other name than Death;
All time is but a measure of eternity;
All life,—an emanation from Allfather's throne;
Atonement,—thither purified to hie thee home.
The lofty gods themselves are fallen. Ragnarök
Is their atoning-day appointed; day of blood
On Vigrid's hundred leagues of plain; there must they fall,
But never unavenged; since Evil then must die
Eternally, and fallen Good arise on high,
From flames of earth to loftier being purified.
'Tis true, the rayless wreaths of pale-grown stars
Shall fall from heaven above, and Earth in ocean sink;
But, joyously, another new-born Earth shall raise,
From ocean forth, its fairer, flow'r-adornéd head;
And wandering stars renewed, with sweet, benignant
beam,
Above the new creation take their silent course.
Once more shall Balder, then, upon the grassy hills,
Rule God's regenerate and purified mankind.
The Rune-writ golden tablets, lost so long ago
In early dawn of time, shall then again be found

On Ida's plains, by Valhall's reconciléd race.
Thus, death is but an ordeal for fallen good,
And its atonement, birth into a better life;
So, purified, it flieth thither, whence it came,
Rejoicing guileless, as a child on parent's knees.
Alas! that all that noblest is must lie beyond
The grave — the grassy gate of heaven; and all that dwells
Beneath the stars be base, by evil maculate. —
Yet some atonement still may here on earth be found,
A partial, gentle prelude to the perfect one;
Like hand of minstrel straying o'er his harp, before,
With skilful fingers, he awake the voice of song;
By gentle proof he tries the tuned accord, and then
His bold hand striketh mightily the golden strings,
From out the grave invoking memories of yore,
And Valhall's brightness flasheth from his trancéd eyes.
So earth the shadow seems of heaven above; and like
The entrance court to Balder's temple in the skies;
And sacrifice to gods is made; by purple rein
The steed is led in golden trappings to their shrines.
Therein a figure, deep of meaning, lies; for blood
Must be the morning-dawn of all atonement-days.
But neither type nor figure can themselves atone;
Thy deeds of evil done can none make good for thee.
Atonement for the dead is in Allfather's breast;
Atonement for the living in each living heart.
One sacrifice I know, in heaven above more dear
Than smoke of slaughtered oxen; 't is to offer up
Thine own heart's angry rage, thine own revenge.
Canst thou not blunt the edge of passion, and forgive?
Then, Frithiof, naught hast thou to do in Balder's house:
And vain must be the temple which thou here hast reared.

With stones thou canst not please the god; with peace alone,
On earth below, and heaven above, forgiveness dwells.
Be reconciléd to thy foe and to thyself,
And so shalt thou be reconciled to Balder bright.
'T is said a Balder southward dwelt, the Virgin's son,
Allfather sent him forth to make the purport known
Of writings dark till now upon the shield of Fate.
His rallying-cry was Peace, and Love his shining sword,
And Innocence sat, dove-like, on his silver helm.
He lived the holy life he taught; forgiving, died;
And, far away, 'neath spreading palms, his grave is made.
They say, his teaching spreadeth on from vale to vale,
And melteth hardened hearts, and layeth hand in hand,
Erecting strifeless empires on the peaceful earth.
I know not well the lore he taught, and yet, methinks,
At times, in better hours, its thoughts have come to me;
At times such thoughts fill all men's hearts as well as mine.
The day will come, I know, when he shall gently wave
His snowy, dove-like pinions o'er the northern hills.
But, ere that day, the North shall pass from us away,
And oak-trees murmur over our forgotten graves.
Oh! generations blessed, privileged to quaff
The beaming cup of new-born light, I bid ye hail.
Rejoice! rejoice! when it shall drive each cloud away,
That hung its misty veil before the sun of life;
Yet shun to scorn our race, which, ever constant, sought
With unaverted gaze its heavenly beams to view:
Allfather, though but one, hath many messengers.

"Thou hatest Bele's sons. And wherefore hatest thou?
Because with thee, a yeoman's son, they did not will

To match their sister, who is sprung from Seming's blood,
The son of Odin, and because their pedigree
Ascendeth up to Valhall's throne; and they are proud.
But thou wilt answer—'Birth is chance, and not desert.'
No man, believe me, youth, of his deserts is proud;
'T is but his better fortune; and the best of all
Is, after all, a gift of Heaven. Art thou not proud
Of all thy valiant deeds, of all thy matchless might?
And was that might conferred by thee? Did Thor not knit
The sinews of thine arm as firm as branching oak?
Is thine high heart no gift of God's, that boundeth glad
Within that citadel, thine arching breast? And is
That lightning not of heaven that flasheth in thine eyes?
The lofty Nornes already by thy cradle sang
Of glorious life to come; therein thy merit is
No greater than a king's son's for his royal birth.
Condemn not others' pride, lest thine, too, be condemned.
For now is Helge fallen." "How!" cried Frithiof loud,
"King Helge fallen! Where, and when?" "Thou knowest well
That while thy temple thou wast building, he was gone
To war in Finnish highlands. On a lonely cliff
An ancient shrine he found, of Jumala the seat,
For many a year gone by closed up and desolate;
But still an agéd, wondrous image of the god
Above the gate remained, and nodded to its fall;
But no man dared to venture near, for it was said
Amongst the Finns, from sire to son, whoever first
Within that temple trod should Jumala behold.
This Helge heard, and blindly scaled, in bitter rage,
The lonely steps that led to the detested god,

Desiring to destroy the shrine. He reached the top;
The key was rusted, fast within the portal locked.
He laid his hands upon the post; in rage he shook
The rotten portals; all at once, with frightful crash,
The idol's image fell, and crushed beneath its weight
The heaven-born Helge. — Thus he Jumala beheld.
A messenger this night hath brought the tidings home;
Alone now sitteth Halfdan on King Bele's throne.
Give him thine hand; to heaven thine anger sacrifice,
This off'ring Balder doth demand, and I, his priest,
As proof that now thou mockest not the peaceful god.
If thou refuse, in vain this temple hast thou reared,
And vainly I have spoken."

Halfdan entered now
Across the copper threshold, and, with doubtful glance,
He stood aloof from Frithiof feared, and held his peace.
Then Frithiof snatched the breastplate-hater from his side,
Against the altar set his golden-orbéd shield,
And all unarmed, advancing, stood before his foe.
"In such a strife as this," he spake in kindly voice,
"He noblest is who offers first a friendly hand."
King Halfdan blushed, and off his glove of steel he drew:
Those hands so long apart were joined again
In vig'rous clasp, as firm as rock's deep base.
The greybeard then the heavy ban revoked that lay
Upon the Varg-i-Veum, excommunicate.
And sudden, while the words he spake, came Ingborg in,
In bridal garb, — in ermine mantle, — maidens fair
Behind her following, as heavenly stars the Moon.
With tears within her beauteous eyes she fell upon

Her brother Halfdan's breast; but, deeply moved, he laid
His sister, well beloved, on Frithiof's faithful heart.
And Ingborg, over Balder's altar, gave her hand
To him, her childhood's friend, her heart's delight.

ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY AND NOTES

EXPLANATORY OF NAMES AND TERMS OCCURRING IN THE FRITHIOF-SAGA *

AEGIR. The ocean-god. Daughters of Aegir, the waves.

AESIR. The twelve highest gods, namely, Odin, Thor, Njörd, Frey, Tyr, Heimdall, Bragi, Vidar, Vali, Ullur, Hænur, and Forsete, with their progeny.

ALFADER (All-Father). The highest title of Odin.

ANGURVADEL (Flood of anguish). The name of Frithiof's sword.

ASEN. The gods. Asa-sons, or Asen-sons; a name generally given to Scandinavian kings, who were supposed to trace descent from the gods themselves.

ASKER, or ASK. The first man.

ASGARD. The city of the gods.

ASTRILD. The god of Love.

BALDER. The god of Light, typified by the Sun. The following account of him is taken from the *Prose Edda*, ch. xxii: "The second son of Odin is Balder, and it may be truly said of him that he is the best, and that all the race of man are loud in his praise. So fair and dazzling is he in form and features, that rays of light seem to issue from him. Balder is the wisest, the mildest, the most eloquent of all the Aesir; yet, such is his nature, that the judgment he has pronounced cannot be altered. He dwells in the heavenly mansion called Breidablik, into which nothing unclean can enter." Balder, or Day, was, at the instigation of Loki, god of Mischief, slain by the blind god, Hödur, or Darkness.

BALE-FIRE. A beacon-fire. That referred to in the text, Canto XIII, was the fire kindled on Midsummer's Eve, in honor of Balder, the god of Light, whose symbol, the Sun, at that period seemed to reach its highest power. It may be remarked, in passing, that ignorance of the

* The Translator is indebted for the extracts from the *Prose Edda*, in this Glossary, to Mr. I. A. Blackwell's translation of that production, contained in his new edition of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, 1847; and has also profited largely by remarks in other parts of his work, which he takes the present opportunity of acknowledging.

history and meaning of the word Bale, or Bal, has very far diverted its original sense in our use of its compound, *baleful*, which, properly signifying fiery, full of light, or flame, is used in English in the sense of *malignant*. The heathen custom of lighting bale-fires or bonfires on Midsummer's Eve is still continued in parts of Northern Germany, Scotland, and Ireland, though the practice is generally supposed to be intended in honor of the coming festival of St. John the Baptist, which falls on Midsummer Day.

Bauta-stone. A memorial raised over fallen warriors, and formed generally of a block of unhewn stone, projecting several feet out of the ground. The Bauta-stone differed from the Rune-stone in being uninscribed, the memorial Rune-stone bearing, on the contrary, an inscription in the form of a serpent, surmounted by the sign of a hammer, the emblem of Thor, god of War.

Berserkir. A class of mythical heroes imbued with an implacable frenzy for war. Hence a proverbial expression for any warrior of unusually ferocious disposition.

Bifrost. The rainbow. It may be interesting to remark the coincidence between the Eddaic account of the rainbow and Sir David Brewster's theory of *three* primitive colors. The following is from the *Prose Edda*, ch. xiii: "'I must now ask,' said Gangler, 'which is the path leading from earth to heaven?' 'That is a senseless question,' replied Har, with a smile of derision: 'hast thou not been told that the gods made a bridge from earth to heaven, and called it Bifrost? Thou must surely have seen it; but, perhaps, thou callest it the rainbow. *It is of three hues*, and is constructed with more art than any other work.'"

Björn (Bear). The name of Frithiof's comrade. Hence the play on words, page 112—

> "Björn, come to the tiller,
> Hold it fast as *bear's-hug*."

Blœtand. Blue-toothed.

Blood-eagle (to tear the). A custom of putting to death an enemy under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The ceremony consisted in carving on the back of the prostrate foe the figure of an eagle, and so separating the ribs from the back-bone. In the text, Björn promises to perform such vengeance on Frithiof's slayer, should his chief fall.

Brage. The god of Poetry and Song.

BREIDABLIK. Broad-gleaming, latifulgent. Balder's palace in the heavens.

BUDKAFLE. The bidding-staff. A wand about a foot in length, inscribed with certain characters of authority; and which, sent from house to house with great despatch, formed a summons for the assembly of the whole nation to deliberate on public matters of moment. This custom bears a strong analogy to the sending round of the fiery cross in the Scotch Highlands on the like occasions. The practice in Scandinavia, as well as in Scotland, is minutely described by Sir Walter Scott, in the Notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto III, stanza 1.

DAYLIGHT OF DWARFS. From the idea that the Earth was supported by four dwarfs, North, South, East, and West (see page 51, line 17), came the belief in the existence of a subterranean race of dwarfs, who were supposed to be lighted by the veins of gold in the bowels of the earth.

DELLING. Twilight, dawn. Son of Delling—Dagr, Day. See *Prose Edda*, ch. X: "Nott (Night) espoused Delling, of the Aesir race, and their son was Day, a child light and beauteous like his father. Then Allfather took Night, and Day, her son, and gave them two horses and two cars, and set them up in the heavens, that they might drive successively round the world. Night rides first on her horse, called Hrimfaxi (Rimy or frosty-maned), who every morning, as he ends his course, bedews the earth with the foam which falls from his bit. The horse made use of by Day is named Skinfaxi (shining-maned), from whose mane light is shed over the earth and the heavens."

DISARSAL. The hall of goddesses.

DRAGON'S BED. The dragon Fafner, guardian of the Nibelungen treasure, was fabled to lie upon it. Hence, gold was said to be gathered from the dragon's bed.

DRAPA. A triumphal song in honor of departed heroes, sung, for the most part, at the "grave-feast," which all heirs, on succeeding to their fathers, were bound to hold. When sung by Brage himself, the god of Song (as in Canto XXI), it signifies a hymn of welcome rather than a dirge.

EFJESUND. In the Orkneys, of which Angantyr was Yarl.

EINHERIER (Chosen heroes). All who, dying a violent death, were admitted to the joys of Valhalla.

ERIKSGATE. The solemn progress which the Scandinavian kings were accustomed to make through their whole realm after their coronation.

FAFNER. The dragon set to watch over the golden treasure, but conquered by Sigurd, the Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied.*

FAFNER'S-BANE (Destroyer of Fafner). A surname given to Sigurd for the exploit referred to above.

FOLKVANG. The palace of Freya in the heavens, the supposed habitation of virtuous and beautiful women after death.

FORSETE, or FORSETI. The god of Justice.

FREY. "One of the most celebrated of the gods. He presides over rain and sunshine, and all the fruits of the earth; and should be invoked in order to obtain good harvests, and also for peace." *Prose Edda*, ch. xxiv.

FREYA. The goddess of Love. "The most propitious of the goddesses; her abode in heaven is called Fólkváng. To whatever field of battle she rides, she asserts her right to one-half of the slain, leaving the rest to Odin." *Prose Edda*, ch. xxiv.

FRIGGA. The spouse of Odin, and mother of the Aesir.

GANDVIK. The White Sea.

GEIRSODD (Spear-death). In contradistinction to straw-death, *i.e.* death from disease or age. Suicide, practised by aged warriors to insure their admission to Valhalla, where none dying a natural death were admitted.

GERDA. The most beautiful of women; spouse of Frey.

GLITNIR. The palace of Forsete in the heavens.

HÄGRING. The Fata Morgana. A well-known, though rarely witnessed phenomenon, said to be occasionally presented on the Norwegian coast.

HAM and HEYD. Two storm-demons, or weather-sprites.

HAVAMAL. (The lay of the sublime.) An Eddaic poem, containing a number of precepts said to have been given by Odin to mankind. Many of those given by Bele and Thorsten to their sons in the text are actually adopted by Tegnér from the Havamal, as may be seen by comparing, for instance, page 54, stanzas 1, 2, with the following extracts from the ancient work: "Praise the fineness of an ended day; a woman when she is buried; a sword when you have tried it; the ice when you have crossed it; and liquor after it is drunk." — "Trust not

the words which a woman utters, for their hearts have been made like the wheel that turns."—"Trust not to ice of one day's freezing; neither to the sleeping serpent."

HEIMSKRINGLA. The universe.

HELA, or HEL. Goddess of Death; ruler of Niffelheim, the abode of all who died of disease or old age.

HILDUR. The goddess of War.

HÖDUR. The god of Darkness. See *Balder*.

HOLMGANG. A single combat. So called from being very frequently decided upon a lonely island (Holm), without witnesses, and, of course, *à l'outrance*.

IDUNA. The spouse of Bragi, god of Song. She is keeper of the apples of immortality, by which the youth of the gods is continually renewed.

IDA'S PLAINS. *Orig.*, Ida-vallen. The dwelling of the gods after the destruction of the universe.

JERNHÖS. The iron-headed.

JUMALA. A deity worshipped by the Finns. The term has passed into a name for the Almighty Being, and (as the Countess von Imhoff remarks) our Lord is named in the Finnish, Jumala Poyke.

JÖTENHEIM, or JUTENHEIM. The giants' home, or region of the giants.

LOFN (sometimes LOFNA, but less correctly). The presiding deity of Matrimony. The term (from which our word *love* is derived) signifies unchangeable affection.

LOKI. The god of Evil and Mischief; descended from the race of the giants.

MIDGARD SERPENT. The great serpent said to encompass the whole earth.

MIDNIGHT SUN. This expression (Canto XIII, stanza 1) may sound strange to many readers, unless they bear in mind that in parts of Sweden and Norway the sun does not sink below the horizon at all at the period (Midsummer) referred to in the text, but remains visible from high ground through the whole night.

MIMER. The owner of the well of wit and wisdom, at the root of Yggdrassil (the ash-tree, symbolical, according to Finn Magnusen,

of universal nature). Mimer, always drinking of his well, was imbued with the highest wisdom.

MORVEN. The north of Scotland.

MUSPELHEIM. The region of Muspel; the world of flame; thus described in the *Prose Edda*, ch. iv: "In the south is the world Muspel. It is a world too luminous and glowing to be entered by any not its natives. He who sitteth on its borders to guard it is called Surtur. In his hand he beareth a flaming falchion, and at the end of the world shall issue forth to combat, shall vanquish all the gods, and consume the universe with fire."

MUSPEL'S SONS. Flames.

NANNA. The spouse of Balder, who died with grief at her husband's death.

NASTRAND. The strand of the dead.

NIDHÖGG. (The down-hewer, or down-gnawer.) A dragon, said continually to gnaw at the root of the ash, Yggdrassil.

NIFFELHEIM. The land of shadows.

NORNES. The Fates, or Destinies, three in number. Their dwelling was beneath the ash, Yggdrassil, by the fountain of Mimer. See Völuspá, stanza 17: "Thence come the much-knowing maidens, three, from that fountain which is beneath the tree. One is called Urd (the Past); another, Verdandi (the Present); and the third, Skuld (the Future). They engrave the Runic tablets; they determine the lives of the sons of men; they lay down laws; they settle destinies."

NORRÄNA TUNGA. The old Norse language.

ODIN. The most mighty of all the gods.

ODIN'S BIRDS. "Two ravens sit on Odin's shoulders, and whisper in his ear the tidings and events they have heard and witnessed. They are called Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory). He sends them out at dawn of day to fly over the whole world, and they return at eve, towards meal-time. Hence it is that Odin knows so many things, and is called Hrafnagud (the raven's god)." *Prose Edda*, ch. xxxviii. Hence ravens, generally, are called the birds of Odin.

OEDUR. The spouse of Freya. He "left his wife, to travel into very remote countries. Since that time Freya continually weeps, and her tears are drops of pure gold. She has a great variety of names; for, having

gone over many countries in search of her husband, each people gave her a different name." *Prose Edda*, ch. xxxv.

PILLARS OF SHAME. These were the Niding-posts, or memorials on which the name of any one guilty of cowardice or other disgraceful conduct was inscribed.

RAGNARÖK (The twilight of the gods). The destruction of the universe, a desolation minutely foreshadowed in the *Prose Edda*. This period is referred to in Canto XXIV, where the references sufficiently explain themselves.

RAN, or RANA. The goddess of the sea.

ROTA. One of the Valkyries, which see.

RUNES. The characters of the Scandinavian alphabet, sixteen in number. To these letters many marvellous properties were assigned; they were used sometimes as charms against misfortunes, sometimes against enemies, sometimes to secure victory. They were said to have been invented by Odin himself, as well for the common purposes of life as for magic.

RUNENBALK. A staff, graven with Runes, and supposed to have some magic efficacy.

SAGA. The goddess of History.

SEMING. A son of Odin.

SIGURD. The Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied*, conqueror of the dragon Fafner.

SKÅL. A toast in honor of any person or thing.

SKALD. The title of the northern bards.

SKINFAXI. The horse of Day. See *Delling*.

SKULD. See *Norne*.

SLEIPNER. The steed of Odin, having eight legs, and excelling all horses ever possessed by gods or men.

SOLUNDAR-OE. The Hebrides.

SÖQUABÄCK. The mansion of Saga in the heavens.

SURTUR. The god of Fire. See *Muspelheim*.

THOR. The god of War, wielder of thunder. He is represented always afoot, and armed with a short-shafted hammer.

THRUDVANG. The dwelling of Thor.

TING. The general assembly of the Northmen, which all capable of bearing arms were bound to attend on occasions requiring deliberation or action. The word is still used, Volks-Thing being applied to the Swedish assembly.

TIRFING. The sword of a warrior named Angantyr, which was buried with its owner. His daughter Hervor, however, desiring to gain the weapon, caused her dead sire to remonstrate against the proceeding.

UTGARDA-LOKI. See *Loki*. Thus called from his dwelling, Utgard, said to be at the utmost limit of the universe.

URDA. See *Norne*.

VALA. A spaewife or prophetess.

VALASKIALF. Odin's dwelling in heaven.

VALHALL, VALHALLA. The paradise of warriors.

VALKYRIA, VALKYRIE. Choosers of the slain. *Prose Edda*, ch. xxxvi: "There are, besides, a great many other goddesses, whose duty it is to serve in Valhalla; to bear in the drink, and take care of the drinking-horns. They are called Valkyrior. Odin sends them to every field of battle, to make choice of those who are to be slain, and to sway the victory."

VALUNDER. The god of artificers, represented as lame, and bearing a close analogy to the classic Vulcan.

VANADIS. One of the names of Freya, which see.

VAR. The goddess presiding over oaths.

VARG-I-VEUM. *Lit.*, Wolf in the sanctuary.

VEGTAMSQUIDA (The wanderer's lay). One of the mythological class of Icelandic sagas, or legendary lays.

VIDAR. The god of Silence.

VALFATHER (The choosing father). A name of Odin, as chooser of the slain who should enter Valhalla.

VIGRID'S PLAIN. The great battle-ground, one hundred leagues in breadth, on which the race of gods were destined, at Ragnarök, to contend with Surtur and his powers.

VINGOLF (also GIMLI). The future dwelling of the righteous.

VIKING. Title given to the ancient sea-rovers.

VIKINGA-BALK. A code of laws written for the government of a pirate crew. Balk (see *Runenbalk*), properly a *beam*; hence, a staff on which letters were graven. The translator must plead metrical license or necessity for making the word rhyme with *ha-wk*, in the second line of Canto XV, as it is pronounced with an ending like that of *talc*.

YARL (whence EARL). One holding kingly power, but paying tribute.

YMER. A mighty giant, of whose corpse the earth was said to have been formed.

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